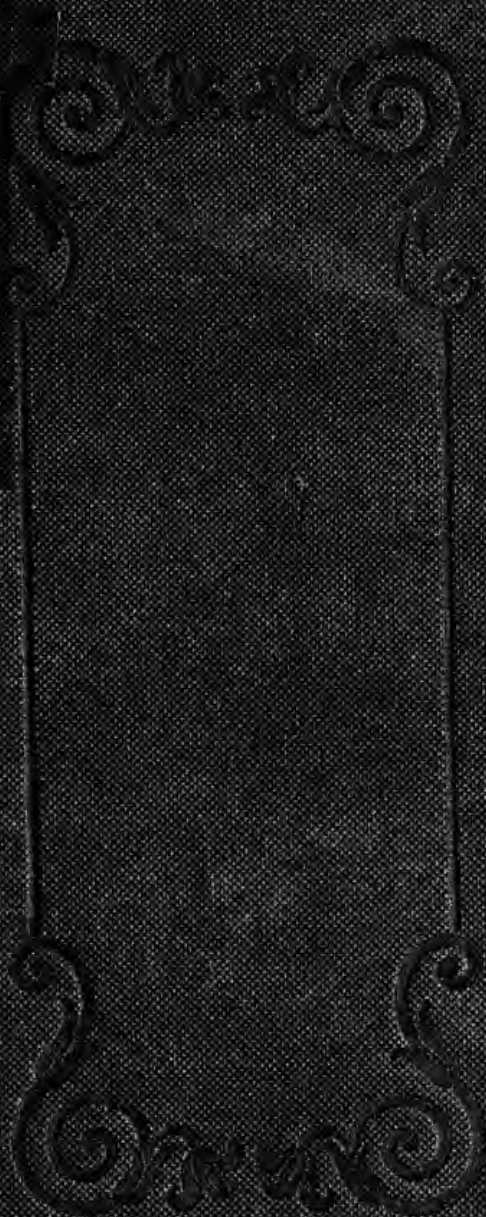
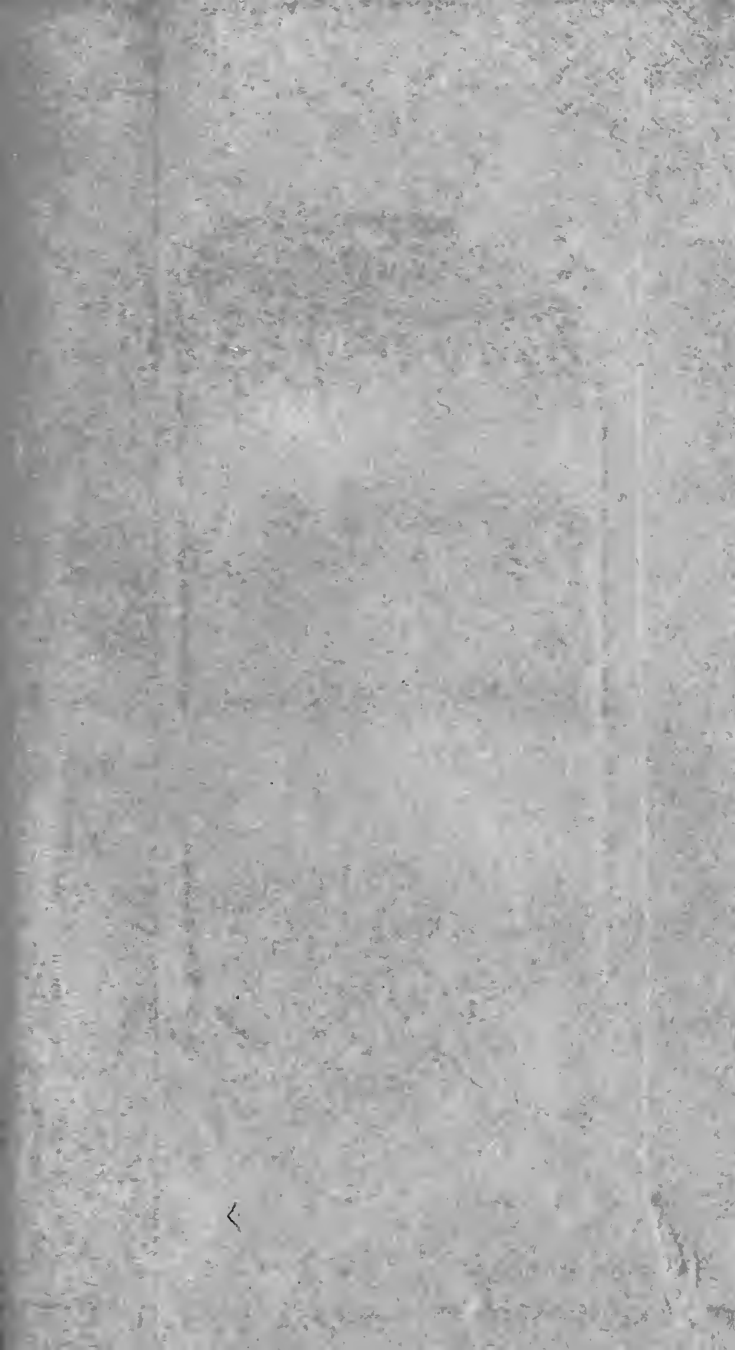




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ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
GERMAN POETRY,

WITH NOTES, &c.

BY
ELIJAH BARWELL IMPEY, Esq., M.A.

FACULTY STUDENT OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, neque desilies imitator in aretum
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet aut operis lex.
HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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DRAMATIC SPECIMENS.

SCENES FROM

Schiller's

MAID OF ORLEANS.



SCENES

FROM

SCHILLER'S

MAID OF ORLEANS.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

JOHANNA *alone.*

FAREWELL, ye fields beloved ! ye blissful hills,
Sequestered grove, and melancholy dell !
Johanna woos no more your haunted rills;
Johanna bids your solemn shades farewell !

Ye lawns so duly watered, and ye bowers
So fondly trained, still in your bloom rejoice !

T

Ye grottos, and ye never-failing showers
Distilled from fountains cool, and thou, sole
voice

Of this lone vale, sweet Echo !—to my lay
Vocal no more—ah, fare ye well for aye !

Haunts of my heart-felt joy, serene and deep,
I leave you, never never to return.
Roam as ye list, my lambs, o'er craggy steep
Scattered abroad, by moor or marshy bourn—
For ye are shepherdless. Far other sheep
Have I to feed, on war-field wild and stern.
Lo ! 'tis gone forth; the heavenly call I feel—
No earthly longing—no vain-glorious zeal.

He, who in Horeb from the bush of flame
To Moses spake, and bade him boldly stand
In Pharaoh's presence—He whose spirit came
O'er Jesse's shepherd boy, teaching his hand
'To battle—who salvation did proclaim
To lowly shepherds still—with like command

Arms me. From yon dread oak the awful word
Came forth—" Arise, and witness of the Lord.

" Gird on thy brazen harness; brace with steel
" Thy maiden breast : no thought of worldly
fame

" Must grovel there, nor such as women feel
" For man or suckling babe : no tender name
" Of mother greet thee; nor the bridal peal,
" Or garland fluttering in thy locks, inflame :
" But I above all women will renown
" Thy name, and crown thee with a deathless
crown.

" For when the stoutest faint, the bravest
yield—
" When France draws near her deathdoom, o'er
the foe
" Thou shalt unfurl my oriflamm, shalt wield
" My sword victorious, and their armies mow
" Like to a reaper in the harvest field.

“ Then shall her wheel of fortune, waning low,
“ By thee be raised: to Rheims her royal heir,
“ Marshall’d by thee, be crowned and sceptered
there.”

O awful summons! mighty sign! And thou,
Heaven-tempered helmet! with thine iron thrill
Shoot to my brain; and, flashing from my brow,
With might and mettle of archangels fill
My burning heart topful. Hark! even now
The war-shout maddens, throngs the staggering
fray,
The war-steed rears, the shrill-voiced clarions
bray!

[*Exit.*

SCENE X.—*The DAUPHIN CHARLES retires among his attendants. DUNOIS seats himself in his place. The ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS, LA HIRE, and other Nobles, surround the throne. To them enter JOAN OF ARC, conducted by the Mayor, Magistrates, and Knights in Armour, who occupy the back ground.*

DUNOIS.

HAIL to thee, wonderous maid !

JOAN.

Bastard of Orleans,

Tempt not the Almighty. Get thee down, for shame.

This is no seat for thee. To yonder Prince
My errand is.

CHARLES, *coming forward.*

For the first time thou seest me;
Yet am I not unknown ?

JOAN.

Last night, when none
But heaven looked on, I did behold thee. Nay,
Bethink thee well. Last night, when all around
Were sunk in deep repose, thou didst arise,
And, in the stillness of thy chamber, breathe
To heaven an ardent prayer. Dismiss thy
suite,
And I will word for word that prayer to thee
Alone deliver.

CHARLES.

What I prayed in secret
I care not if thou openly reveal.
Rehearse the purport of that prayer, and I
Own thee at once a heaven-sent messenger..

JOAN.

Thy prayer was threefold. First, thou didst
implore

If, on thy part, unrightful heritage
Cleave to this crown, or ought of hidden sin
Still unrepented of thine ancestry,
Call down this scourge of war, that thou might'st
fall

An offering for thy people—that on thee
Alone the greater Avenger might pour down
The vial of his wrath.

CHARLES.

Ha! mighty prophetess!
Whence and what art thou—say, that thou dost
read
My inmost soul?

JOAN.

And thus the second time

Thou didst petition — If 'twere ordained the
sceptre

Should from thy line depart, and all, thy sires

The rulers of this land, were heirs to,

From thee be reft away, that these three
gifts,

In recompense for all, might yet be thine—

A heart resigned to heaven—a loyal friend—

And thy dear Agnes's love. Thou had'st

Another prayer——

CHARLES.

Enough. None uninspired

Of heaven could utter this. I do believe thee

Commissioned from on high.

ARCHBISHOP.

O holy maid,

How may I name thee? In what happy clime,

Of what blest parents born?

JOAN.

Right reverend lord,

Men call me Joan of Arc. A peasant girl,
Deep in the valley of Domprè, within
Thoul's holy diocese, till now, I fed
My father's flocks; and there full oft had heard
Of those proud islanders, who, bounding o'er
Their watery barriers, came, beneath the yoke
Of foreign lords, who love them not, to bind
The free-born of this land. Already Paris
Had ope'd her treacherous gates, and with her
 spoil

Enriched th' invader. To the Virgin's shrine
Trembling I fled, and prayed that she would
 burst

The strangers' ignominious bonds asunder,
And bless the people with their native liege.
Hard by our hamlet—oft by pilgrims sought—
Stands the time-honoured image of our Lady;
And, dimly waving o'er the chapel, lowers
A sacred oak, by old tradition held

Miraculous. Beneath its wizard shade
I loved to muse—for so my heart, heaven-
prompted,
Would oft incline me. Oft by visions warned,
If chance a lamb had wandered from the fold,
I sought and found it. Once, as all night long
I sat entranced beneath that wonderous tree,
My yeanlings grazing round, before me stood
The Virgin Mother! in her hand a sword,
And banner blazoned with celestial arms:
In all, save these, like me—a shepherdess,
In cottage weeds attired. “’Tis I,” she said;
“Johanna, rise! To other flocks and herds
“The Lord appoints thee: gird thee with this
sword,
“And with this conquering banner quell the foe.
“With solemn pomp and customary prayer,
“At Rheims anoint the monarch of my people,
“And crown him with the kingly crown.” “Ah,
how,”
Faltering, I cried, “should I, a feeble maid,

“ Untrained to martial enterprize, aspire
“ To feats like these?” “ Know,” she replied,
“ there is
“ In heaven-beloved virginity, refined,
“ And chastened from all dross of earthly passion,
“ A wonder-working power. Look thou on me!
“ Pure as thyself, a godlike son I bore,
“ And godlike I became.” With this, she touched
Mine eyelids; when, as I did gaze aloft,
The heavens were opened; the young cherubim
Held lilies in their hands, and all around
Sweet music hovered in the warbling air.
Three nights the vision summoned me, “ Arise!
“ To other flocks and herds the Lord appoints
thee.”

But on the third an angry brow she wore,
And sternly spake—“ Obedience is the badge
“ Of womankind: endurance here below
“ Is masterdom on high!” Suddenly she dropped
Her lowly garb: a shepherdess no more—
Full in the sun’s meridian blaze the Queen

Of heaven apparent stood. The golden clouds
Mantled around, as floating, long and slow,
In floods of unextinguishable light,
She vanished, wafted to the realms of joy.

ARCHBISHOP.

Before the voice of heaven's high witnessing,
All doubt, struck dumb—all worldly wisdom,
foiled—

Bows to the truth made manifest. No power
But from above could work this miracle.

DUNOIS.

Talk not of miracles—her eye, her air,
Stamped with the seal of innocence, convince
me

She fables not.

CHARLES.

O sinner that I am!
How have I merited this boon? Thou all-

Beholding Eye! search thou my heart, and read
Its deep humility.

JOAN.

The lower it stoops
The higher art thou exalted. Yonder, in heaven,
Bright shines the humiliation of the mighty.

CHARLES.

Shall I, unworthy, o'er my foe prevail?

JOAN.

All France beneath thy footstool will I bow.

CHARLES.

And Orleans—sayest thou—shall not be sur-
rendered?

JOAN.

Sooner the Loire shall to his sources flow.

CHARLES.

O joy! To Rheims in triumph shall I march?

JOAN.

Though thousands, and ten thousands should
oppose me.

[*The Knights clash their lances against their
shields.*]

DUNOIS.

Set her before the vanguard of our host.
Myself will fight beneath her banner—follow
Where'er she marshals me: her prophet-eye
Shall guide my course, and o'er this warlike
sword
Glance like a guardian star.

LA HIRE.

A world in arms
Beneath her flag we fear not. At her side,
The God of victory goes forth to battle.



CHARLES.

Yes, holy maid! lead thou the van, and we
And all our noblest men at arms obey thee.
This glaive of high renown, of temper pure,
And mightiest in the battle—late in wrath
By scornful Burgundy resigned—hath found
A worthier hand. Take it, and be hereafter—

JOAN.

Not so, great prince! for by no earthly weapon,
No mortal prowess, is the victory
To my dread liege ordained. Another sword,
Revealed in sacred vision, must achieve it.
In ancient Fierbois stands Saint Catherine's fane;
And near the shrine a vault, wherein a mass
Of iron arms, the spoil of many a field,
Lies rusting; there, beneath the ponderous load,
Of gauntlet, helm, and buckler, darkling lurks
The fatal steel: upon its dudgeon gleam

Three golden fleurs de lis: let that be brought—
That sword alone gives thee the mastery.

CHARLES.

Some trusty messenger obey her bidding.

JOAN.

And for my standard, on an argent field,
Bound with a purple border, let me bear
Jesu Maria, hovering o'er a globe;
For this our Lady bids: and, holy father!
Lay thou thy priestly hand upon my head,
And bless me for the battle.

. ARCHBISHOP.

Thou art come
Rather to give than crave a benediction.
Go thou in the might and glory of the Lord.
For us—we are but sinners all, and much
Unworthy. *[Trumpet without.]*

CHARLES.

Hark! what trumpet?

Enter a Page.

PAGE.

Mighty lords!

A herald from the British camp.

Enter Herald.

CHARLES.

How now?

HERALD.

Who in this presence speaks for Charles de
Valois,
Count of Ponthieu?

DUNOIS.

Ungracious, worthless slave!

Darest thou the Majesty of France affront
Here on French ground? Thy tabard doth
protect thee,
Else should'st thou——

HERALD.

France acknowledges but one
So titled: in the English camp the King
Of France abides.

CHARLES.

Be patient, cousin. Now,
Herald, say on.

HERALD.

Our noble general,
For pity of the blood already shed,
And still to flow, holds his renowned sword
Yet in the scabbard: and ere Orleans fall,
Grants composition.

CHARLES.

Name the terms.

JOAN.

I crave

To parley with this herald.

CHARLES.

Be it so.—

On peace or war decide.

JOAN.

Name him who speaks

By thee.

HERALD.

Our British captain, the great Earl
Of Salisbury.

JOAN.

Herald! thou beliest thy errand.
The living, not the dead, send ambassies.

HERALD.

In flower of health and valour lives the Earl—
To your destruction lives.

JOAN.

That he was living
Ere thou didst journey from the camp, is true—
False, that he liveth now. This morn at Orleans,
A shot, from Fort La Tournell fired, hath laid
The valiant Salisbury low. Thou laughest to
think
Mine eye should ken so far; trust, then, thine
own.—
Ere thou shalt measure back the way thou
cam'st,
He meets thee on his hearse. Now, Herald, say
What wouldst thou more?

HERALD.

If thou cans't prophecy,
Thou know'st the rest.

JOAN.

Of thee I need not learn.

But hear thou me, and say it to the lords
Who sent thee. “King of England, and ye
Dukes,

“Bedford and Glo’ster—regents of the state,
“O’er which, against the will of Heaven, ye rule—
“Give reckoning to the King of Kings for all
“This bloodshed; and of all the cities held
“By you unrightfully yield up the keys:
“For in his holy name the maid of Arc
“Offers ye peace or war—war to the utterance:
“Choose which ye will. But hear, that ye may
know—

“Not unto you are these fair provinces,
“This lovely France, in heritage bestowed,
“But to her rightful heir, the royal Charles.
“Him will the Lord of Hosts to conquest lead,
“And, girt with all the princes of the land,
“High in his stately capital enthrone.”

Now, Herald, get thee hence, and quickly, too;

For, ere thou reach the camp, the Maid of Arc
Foreruns thy tardy message, and in Orleans—
Yea, on her topmost citadel, unfurled,
Plants the proud emblem of her victory.

S C E N E S

FROM

Kleist's

KATE OF HEILBRONN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A subterraneous cavern hung with the ensigns of the Vehm, or Secret Tribunal, and lighted by a lamp. COUNT OTTO, seated as President; COUNT WENZEL and COUNT HANS, as Assessors. Other Lords and Knights disguised in visors. Ushers and other officers of the Court holding Torches. THEOBALD FRIEDEBORN, as Plaintiff, and COUNT FREDERICK WETTER VON STRAHL, as Defendant, stand at the Bar.

OTTO.

WE of the secret, high, and holy Vehm,
Heaven's delegates, forerunners of the host
Winged, armed, and mustering in the clouds, to
visit

The haunts of hidden sin, which, like a foul
And creeping lizard, where no human arm
Can reach, lurks inwardly, and frets
The heart that feeds it—we, in solemn session,
Call upon thee, Theobald Friedeborn,
Long known, and well-reputed armourer
Of Heilbronn, to make good thy charge against
Frederick Wetter, Count of Strahl; for yonder,
By our Vehm-herald at his castle gate
Thrice at thy suit arraigned, he stands, in the
grip
Of justice, and demands "What wilt thou?"

THEOBALD

Vengeance!

Ye secret judges of this dread tribunal—

Vengeance ! And yet, had he whom I accuse
Bade me in silver or in swarthy steel
Arm him from head to foot, with clasps and
rings,

Buckles, and studs of gold, to boot—which done,
Had I craved payment, and for reckoning gained
But this reply—"Go thy ways, Master Theobald,
"I owe thee nought;"—had he, with viperous
tongue,

Before the burgomaster of our city,
Slandered my name ; or, breaking from his
covert,

With sword and dagger, at the dead of night,
Aimed at my life, so help me God, I had not
Stood plaintiff here. So much of the world's
wrong

For now some fifteen twelvemonths have I borne,
That my heart, cased in proof 'gainst common ill,
Foils every puny shaft: and I, albeit,
Out of my master-craft, for others forging
Harness, to war with gnats and pismires, fain

E'en to yon scorpion would have cried, " Depart
" In peace," had he not been my debtor
To a more dear amount. Yon haughty man,
Frederick Wetter, Count of Strahl, hath witched
My child away—my Catharine. Seize upon him,
Ye potent arbiters of justice; hurl him
Headlong to those unearthly ministers,
Who, sheathed in everlasting panoply,
At hell-gate stand, whirling their tridents, red
With fire unquenchable. I do arraign him
Of witchcraft foul and infamous; of arts
Night-practised with the fiend; of brotherhood
With the enemy of man !

ORTO.

Good Master Theobald,
Weigh well thy words. The Count of Strahl, a
knight
Of reputation well approved, thou dost accuse
Of wrong, which proved, were all too foul—se-
duction

Of an innocent maid. Thou wouldst not sure
infer,

E'en though her heart from thee be warped
astray,

The ghastly sin of sorcery. What though
A froward girl, of spirits apt and willing,
Imagination warm, by a mere word
Or idle question, as, "Who art thou, maiden?"—
Or by a ruddy cheek and merry eye
Glanced through the vizor of a knightly helm,
Be lightly wooed and won. Such conjurations
Are daily practised in the eye of noon,
At every street and market cross, and yet
No witchcraft.

THEOBALD.

True, my lords, I saw him not
At midnight on the strand or rushy moor,
Or wheresoe'er no mortal footstep falls,
Taking his pastime with the lantern-fiend;
Nor on the mountain peak, with wand in hand,
Guaging the immeasurable air; nor yet

In pits unfathomed by the moonbeam, muttering
Charms hell-prescribed, that from the dust call up
Hideous responses, and unholy groans.

True, I beheld not Satan at his side,
With the grim host of whom I do affirm him
Confederate, such as ye may see at Heilbronn
O'er the high altar traced, with horn and hoof,
Tails, talons, large as life; yet, by your favour,
I could, methinks, a plain tale so deliver,
That ere one half were told, ye should cut short
The rest, and cry, "Lo, here be thirteen of us,
"Good men and true: the foul fiend makes us
even."

And then, sirs, from this cavern should ye rush
To the wood without; and, for three hundred
paces,

With your plumed hats and robes of taffeta
Strew all the country round.

OTTO.

Go to: say on,
Thou wild appellant.

THEOBALD.

First, then, fit it is

Ye know, my daughter Kate last Easter-day

Numbered just fifteen years: of body and mind

Sound as we picture the firstborn of men,

A being fashioned after God's own heart.

O, like a precious steam of frankincense,

From the lone desert of my life, she stole

On the calm stillness of its sabbath eve,

Making a holy close—so beautiful,

Tender, and innocent she was: yea, such

As in your wildest fancies ye might deem

The little seraphs, that between the hands

And feet of Him who rides the clouds, peep out

With eyes serene. Whene'er she walked abroad,

Neat in her city garb, her hat of straw

Glistening with yellow sheen, her sable bodice

Of velvet, well set off with silver chain,

Clipping her lilly bosom, not a window

But thronged with gazers, not a tongue but
whispered,

“Lo, yonder walks our peerless Kate of Heilbronn!”

As if enamoured of our Swabian clime,
The heavens had with a kiss impregnated
Her native town; which, like a nursing mother,
Smiled on her loveliness. Kinsfolk, for three
Whole generations clean forgot, would call her
Their pretty coz, invite to christenings
And marriage feasts; the very market-place
Whereon we dwell, would at her birthday
swarm;

So zealously they vied with one another
Who should endow her most. All they who met
her,

Or but in passing by received her greeting,
For eight days after held themselves the holier,
And blessed her in their prayers. Heiress of all—
To my exclusion—of her grandsire’s lands,—
For she was still his fondling,—men already
Spake of her wealth. Five gallants of our city
Woodyed her, and well nigh pined to death for love

Of her rare qualities: and knights renowned,
Journeying that way to tilt and tournament,
Wept that she was not born of gentle blood;
Which had she been, the glorious Morning-land
Had burst its glittering portals to shower down
Her dowry, pearl and orient gem,
The spoil of mightiest kings. But heaven from
pride
Had fenced her heart and mine; and when our
neighbour,
Young Godfrey Friedeborn, whose farm abuts
On hers, came wooing to her—and when she
To my plain question, “Wilt thou have him?”
answered,
“Father, thy will is mine.” O then I blessed her,
And wept for joy. At Easter next it was
Their purpose to be wed. Such was my child
Ere yon fiend witched her.

OTTO.

How? what process used he?

What means to lure her from the path whereto
Ye trained her ?

THEOBALD.

Humph ! what means ! Why, look ye, lords ;
Could my five senses plumb so deep I should
not

Stand here petitioner for retribution
Of wrong to me a riddle. Marry ! I'm
No bookman. How should I unfold the means
Whereby he worked his purpose ? Had he met
her

Beside the well, or as she came from mass,
And leaning 'gainst a pillar of the chancel,
Questioned of who she was, and where she dwelt ;
Or had he knocked by moonlight at her window,
Tendered his kerchief for a love token,
And whispered, " Where's thy chamber ? " On
my soul

I dare avow she never was the wanton,
Thus to be wooed. The traitor kiss of Judas

Came not more unawares. The very mole
Upon her back unseen—the counterpart
Of that her mother bore—was no less known
Than he to her. [*He weeps.*]

OTTO, *after a pause.*

Grant it was witchcraft, yet, thou strange old man,
Needs must it have been practised in some wise,
Some where, and when.

THEOBALD.

Upon the holy eve
Of Pentecost, and for five minutes only,
He tarried at my forge. A plate upon
His mail, 'twixt breast and shoulder blade, had
burst
Asunder, which, with all the speed I might,
He bade me join.

WENZEL.

What ?

HANS.

In the open day ?

WENZEL.

And tarried but the while thou didst repair
The flaw upon his breast plate ?

OTTO.

Pause awhile.

Old man, retail with better circumstance
All that befell.

THEOBALD.

About one hour ere noon,
With his rude troopers, at my door the knight
Alighted, rattling in his coat of steel,
Armed cap-a-pie; and as he crossed the threshold,
Stooped low his heron-crested helm, and stalked
Into my smithy. " Master Theobald, lo
" This rent," he cried. " The right good will I
have

“ To buckle with the Palzgraf, he who threatens

“ To beat your walls down, caused my heart to
leap

“ Against my breast-plate so that it hath burst it.

“ Betake thee to thy craft, take file and wire,

“ And, for I’m loth to doff these ’coutrements,

“ Make quick despatch.” “ Sir Count,” quoth

I, “ if thou

“ Dost bear a heart to batter through thine
armour,

“ No fear but our good city walls shall stand,

“ Spite of the Palzgraf.” And thereon I bade
him

Sit, and commanded those within to bring

What my poor house afforded—wine and ham;

And straightway on a settle placed my tools,

And so to work. Meanwhile his war-steed
neighed

And whinnied with the nags his grooms bestrode,

Stamping and pawing up a world of dust,

As if an armed angel at my gate

Had 'lighted from the clouds. 'Twas then the
door

Turned slowly on its hinges, and the maid,
Bearing a salver on her head, with meat,
Glasses, and goblets, entered. Mark what then
Befell—what was her bearing then! By heaven,
Had some dread apparition from above
Flashed on my sight, I should have started e'n
As she did. At first glance of yonder knight
Plate, flagon, wine, and viands she let fall,
With visage deadly pale, arms crossed as if
In prayer, and fell before him, breast and shoul-
der

Kissing the ground, prone on the floor, as one
Struck down by lightning. "Heaven of his
mercy!

"What ails the child," I cried, and raised her.
She

Suddenly griped my arm, *close as a clasp-knife*
Clings to its groove, fastening her eyes upon him,
Flaming, as though she saw a vision. All

The household flock about her; all exclaim,
“The maid’s possessed!” She with a modest
look

Cast on the ground, slowly recovered. Soh!
Methought, the fit has past—and presently
Resumed my task; which done, I bade him speed
Against the Palatine with better hope,
Now that his coat would stoutly stand the brunt
Of the brave heart within. At that he rose,
And bending o’er the maid, whose head scarce
reached

His lofty chest, with earnest eye he scanned her
From head to foot; then, stooping, kissed her
forehead,

Blessed her, and prayed, “Heaven give thee
health.—Amen;”

And so took leave. But ere he could have sprung
Into his saddle—from the window-sill,
Full fifty feet, down to the ground she plunged,
With hands upraised, as one bereft of reason;
And there upon the flinty pavement lay,

Helpless and motionless; the ivory bone
Of either delicate limb above the knee
Shattered; and I, poor doating fool, who thought
To lean on her for comfort of my age,
Was fain to bear her on my shoulders thence,
As to her grave; while he—A curse upon him!
Scarce deigning of the crowd that hurried round
To question what had chanced, rode reckless on.
For thrice three weary se'nnights thus she lay,
Crippled and fevered; not a word escaped
Her wary lips; not e'en the tell-tale swoon,
The master-key to many a mystery, wrung
+ The secret from her. Suddenly she rose,
Scarce healing time allowed, and to the question
+ Of her handmaiden, "Whither away?" replied,
+ { "To Frederick, Count of Strahl." And so, my
lords,
She vanished——

WENZEL.

Vanished——?

HANS.

Is it possible ?

WENZEL.

And left her home, friends, fortune, and the
youth

She was betrothed to ?

THEOBALD.

All, whereto, till then,
By nature, duty, habitude she was
So dearly linked.

HANS.

Nor craved thy blessing ?

THEOBALD.

Kissed

My slumbering eyes, and fled. O, had she
closed them

For ever ere that day !

WENZEL.

Most strange, by heaven !

THEOBALD.

From that day forth 'till now,
Like to a wanton leman, at his heels,
Lured by the fascination of his eye,
She follows, as if o'er her soul distilled
Some wonderous dew; *or wire, more subtly forged*
Than furnace e'er of five-fold heat drew out
To measureless length, attracted her. With feet
Bare to each bruising flint, with head and bosom
Ill sheltered by a frock and hat of straw,
Fluttering to every wind, now scorched, now
drenched
In pitiless rain, she hies, where'er he leads
In his wild errantry, o'er foggy cliffs,
And deserts parching in the drought of noon,
And the dark midnight of entangled woods;
E'en as a favourite hound that once hath tasted
His master's sweat, unerring tracks him home.

And the poor tenderling, that still was wont
To lie in down, nor e'er could sleep a-nights,
E'en in the sheets her own sweet hands had spun,
If but *a tiny knot* unwarily
Ruffled their texture—like a vagrant trull,
Marching all day, at night o'er toiled, is fain
To share the litter of his haughty steed.

OTTO, *after a pause.*

Frederick Wetter, noble County Strahl,
Can this be true?

FREDERICK.

True—But to this point only—
Ceaseless she follows on my track. Where'er
I turn, two objects meet my view—yon maid,
And mine own shadow.

OTTO.

Soh! and how propound ye, sir,
This mystery?

FREDERICK.

Lords of the holy Vehm !

To be free with you, it e'en fares with me
As with the cat in the old parable.
If Satan with yon damsel plays the ape,
Then needs must I—unwillingly put to these
Vile uses—minister the unholy bait,
And burn my fingers with his chessnuts. But
If ye are content, as Holy Writ prescribes,
With simple question and reply—yea, yea;
Nay, nay—e'en so am I content to answer;
Else I'll to Worms, and of my gracious Liege
Crave that he cite this old man Theobald, there
To meet me; and in pledge of that encounter,
Lo, at his feet I hurl my glove.

OTTO.

Not so,

By your favour. Here must thou make answer,
how

It chances a young maiden, far from home,

A truant to her father's will, beneath
Thy roof abides.

FREDERICK.

Three months have well nigh flown,
Since I, near Strasbourgh journeying, lay me
down,
Weary and heated by a mid-day march,
Beneath the shadow of a jutting rock,
To rest awhile; ne'er in my dreams recalling
The memory of the brain-sick maid of Heilbronn;
Yet, when I woke, behold e'en such a maid
Lay slumbering at my feet : flushed was her
check,
And steeped in balm of her own breathing, like
A musk rose, that with languid head reclined,
Sleeps in the stillness of the summer air:
A sight so fair it was, so unforeseen,
That to my phantasy it seemed the vision
Of some sweet blossom, in a flaky shower
Shed down from paradise. In wonder lost,

I roused my followers; one and all exclaimed,
“’Tis Kate of Heilbronn!” She the while awoke;
And blushing, hastily bound up the gear
About her head and bosom. “How now,
maiden?

“What chance,” cried I, “hath brought thee
wandering here

“Beside the Rhine?” With craft then unsus-
pected,

She made reply—spoke of some house affairs
At Strasburgh; and, for the way was dreary
To a lone maid, and fearful wandering
In those wild glens, she had made bold
To join our armed band. To cheer her toil,
Gottschalk, my trusty squire, at my command
Brought victuals, and I questioned her of what
Befell at Heilbronn—how her father fared—
And what she sought at Strasburgh. Finding her
Loth to reply, I pondered what might be
Her purpose—hired a messenger to guide her—
Then vaulted on my steed, and so departed.

At even, in the city, where I lay,
Came Gottschalk with these tidings—that the
maid

Craved for the night a shelter in my stable.

“What! with the horses?” I enquired: “Nay,
then,

“Lay down fresh straw, and look no harm betide
her.”

Since then, day after day, where'er I march,

As one belonging to my troop, she follows,

And nightly houses in my stalls. All this,

My lords, I suffered for the sake of yon

Old man, who now, that I so suffered, lays it

Thus fiercely to my charge. Gottschalk, mean-
while,

Out of a strange but honest fondness, tends her,

E'en as his child; and 'twas my foolish thought,

At my return to Heilbronn, I should earn

Her father's thanks. Still, as she tarried on,

Addicted to my train, and busied in

My household chars—of her own errand now

No mention more—at last I sought and strictly
Demanded, What she would? She faltered—
said

There was no need of question—well she deemed
I knew. Whereat a blush o'erspread her bosom
With such a flash as 'twould have fired the lawn
Enfolding it. Soh! silly wench, thought I,
Fares it thus with thee? and forthwith despatched
This message to her father: That his child
Safe in my charge abode, whence in short space
He might reclaim her, at my castle, whither
I journeyed straight.

OTTO.

Thereafter what ensued?

WENZEL.

Returned she to her father?

FREDERICK.

In three days

The old man came to Strahl; and when I thought
In my paternal hall to welcome him,
Scarce had he crossed the threshold of the castle,
When in the holy water at the gate
He plunged his hand, and dashed it in my face.

I mused, but all unconscious as I was,
Guessed not his drift, but let it pass, and bade
him

Sit, and related all that had befallen;
And, for I pitied him, advised how all
Might be adjusted to his wish, and cheered him,
And brought him to his child. We found her
sitting,

As was her wont, busied about my arms,
Beneath the stable porch. Her anxious sire,
With tearful eyes, and arms extended, rushed
To embrace her. She, distracted, wrung her hands,
Imploring me by every saint in heaven
To shield her from him. The old man, as if
Turned to a pillar of salt for very terror,
Eyed me aghast, and ere I was aware,

Hurled in my face his hat, as he would chace
Some horrible spectre, shouting, "Get thee hence,
"Incarnate fiend!" and fast, as if all hell
Were at his heels, fled back to Heilbronn.

OTTO.

Now,

Thou strange old man, what monstrous thought
besets thee?

WENZEL.

Wherein, in all his bearing, hath the knight
Offended thee? Is he to blame because
Thy froward girl affects him?

HANS.

How in all

This process hath he sinned?

THEOBALD.

How hath he sinned?

In what offended ? O more devilish foul
Than tongue can tell—imagination paint thee !
Yet there thou standest, hypocrite ! as pure
To look upon as if some spirit of light
Had doffed his weeds, in may-drops heaven-
be-sprent,
To clothe thy soul withal. What ! marvel ye
That I should quail before the wizard eye
That so from nature's course hath warped a heart,
The purest of her works, that she should grudge
To a fond father's kiss her bosom love—
Start at his sight, her young blood curdling cold
On her blanched cheek, as if a greedy wolf
Were glaring on her ? Nay, then, do thy worst,
Night-ruling Hecate ! With thy weird disciples
Roam all abroad, as erst thou wouldst have done
In Eden, rooting out the goodly seed
From all humanity. Ye baneful weeds,
Henbane and aconite ! shoot up beneath
The foul hag's breath, and rear your matted
heads

To forests; choke the virtuous under-growth
Of heaven's sweet planting, 'till each blighted
germ

Dwindles to dust. Swelter and swell, ye rank
And leperous juices, drop by drop distilled
From stalk and bloated stem : break out and
fall

In cataracts, with noisome exhalation
Poisoning the air, and thence descend, to drench
The very veins and arteries of life
With pestilence and famine. Yea, flow on,
And in your universal deluge sweep
All worth and innocence away.

OTTO.

What mean ye ?
That he hath dealt by poison ?

WENZEL.

Drugged her cup
With charmed ingredients ?

HANS.

Opiates which beguile

The wretch that drinks, and with mysterious sway
Lull to perdition ?

THEOBALD.

Opiates ! drugs ! My lords,

Why ask ye me ? I was not there to test
The flagon, when he gave her drink. Aye,
marry !

Under that rock, beside the Rhine, where both—
Slept—for 'tis so confessed. I stood not by
When night by night a stable was her couch.
Have patience but till some nine moons have
waned,

Then mark the form of her young body.

FREDERICK.

Silence !—

Insensate brute ! But wherefore deign I speech
With thee, to whom my very name is pledge

Sufficient for my honour? Call the maid:
If she by faintest inference, from word
Or action drawn, suggest a single thought
To his allied, pronounce me, if ye will,
Knight of the noisome pool, wherewith his speech
Erewhile so foully teemed; or what beside
Your righteous indignation may invent
To blot my fame withal.

SCENE II.—*Enter CATHERINE blindfold, led
in by two Officers of the Court; she looks
round distractedly; then kneels at the feet
of COUNT FREDERICK.*

CATHERINE.

My gracious Lord!

FREDERICK.

Now say, what would'st thou ?

CATHERINE.

I am summoned here
To meet my judge.

FREDERICK.

Thou art: but I am none.
There sits thy judge and mine; for here I stand
Prisoner, as thou dost.

CATHERINE.

Thou a prisoner !
O this is mockery.

FREDERICK.

Nay, thou hearest the truth;
For shame ! Ne'er bow thy forehead to the
dust
Before a wizard; for that such I am,

Is vouched already. But lo, now from all
My witcheries practised heretofore I set
Thy young soul free.

OTTO.

Now, damsel, by your favour,
Approach the bar.

WENZEL.

Look not to him; behold,
On this tribunal sit thy judges.

CATHERINE, *aside*.

Sure
They say it but to tempt me.

HANS.

To our charge
Here must thou answer.

[*Catherine clings to Count Frederick, and
looks distractedly at the Judges.*]

OTTO.

Why, how now?

WENZEL.

Wilt come?

HANS.

Wilt not obey our bidding?

CATHERINE, *aside*.

Hark! on me

They seem to call.

WENZEL.

Why aye.

HANS.

What mutters she?

OTTO.

My lords, she's strangely moved; what ail
her?

CATHERINE, *aside*.

Lo

How fearfully they sit ! In dread array,
Muffled from head to foot ! O 'tis as if
My soul stood bare before the judgment seat,
At the last doom. [*She stands entranced.*

FREDERICK, *raising her*.

Awake ! What dream is this ?
Before the Vehm thou standest, there to give
Witness of those unhallowed spells and charms
Wherewith thou knowest I took thy senses
prisoner,
And bowed them to my will. Go now, declare
All that was done.

CATHERINE.

O cruel ! Thou dost wring
My heart that I could weep. Advise me rather ;
Prempt thy poor handmaid how she best may
face
This sore affliction.

OTTO.

Prompt !—advise !

WENZEL.

By heaven

'Tis past belief.

FREDERICK, *mildly*.

Take courage. Soh ! draw near,
And boldly answer.

CATHERINE, *apart to Frederick*.

Better thou than I
If thou'rt their prisoner: tell me, is it so ?

FREDERICK, *apart*.

Of that be sure.

CATHERINE, *apart*.

And yonder men thy judges ?
Then will I plead, and freely, too. Ye lords,

Whoe'er ye be, that sit in judgment yonder,
Down, down, I say, and to your prisoner here
Surrender your usurped authority.
For, by the throne of everlasting justice,
Beneath the spotless armour of yon knight
There beats a heart more pure, whereto compared
Your conscience—yea, my own to boot—would
show
Black as the robes ye wear. If aught among us
Be done amiss let him be judge, and we
Stand trembling at yon bar.

OTTO.

Thou silly babe!

Fresh from the navel-string! What! speakest thou
In prophecies? From what apostle comes
'This spirit upon thee?

THEOBALD:

Hah! said I not well?—

Behold how she's possest!

CATHERINE, *now first perceiving him.*

Father, dear Father !

THEOBALD.

Stand off; thou art mine no more. To you-
der chair
Belongs thy reverence now.

CATHERINE.

Ne'er chide me from thee.

THEOBALD.

Why, then, 'twould seem this head, though
grizzled o'er
By the cold frost of thine unkindly flight,
Lives in thy memory still.

CATHERINE.

No day hath flown
O'er these white locks, but I have wept that
time

Should thin their reverend honours. O if tears
Could melt these snows away; could joy to meet
thee

Refresh their raven hue——

OTTO.

Ho ! Pursuivants,
Bring her before us.

THEOBALD.

Go where thou art bidden.

CATHERINE, *struggling*.

Away—what would ye ?

WENZEL.

Saw ye e'er a maid
So wilful, yet so young ?

OTTO.

Once more: be brief,

And to the purpose; for none else but we
Of right sit here, just sentence to deliver,
Nor less with vengeance armed—and that be sure
Thy contumacious spirit shall feel, if thou
Be guilty—to chastise.

CATHERINE.

What would ye know?

OTTO.

When Frederick Count of Strahl first visited
Thy father's house, what tempted thee to fall
Before him, prostrate at his feet, as he
Had been thy God? And when he parted
thence,
Wherefore didst thou, as one bereft of reason,
Spring from the window? Why, thereafter, ere
Thy shattered limbs had well regained their
poise,
From place to place didst thou pursue him, still
Dogging his courser at the heels, where'er,

Through every perilous pass, by night or day,
He sought adventure ?

CATHERINE, *confused, and turning to Frederick.*

Say, must I make answer
Of this to yonder men ?

FREDERICK.

Beshrew thee now,
Thou brain-bewildered thing ! why turn to me ?
Is't not enough explained, none else have power
To try this cause ?

CATHERINE, *falling on her knees.*

If in *thy* sight I have sinned,
Lord of my life, take *thou* my life away.
But what the heart in sacred stillness holds
Scarce self-confest—what God in mercy spares,
Shall *man* presume to search ? Yet if *thou*
wilt,
To *thee* be all revealed.

OTTO.

Heaven of his grace !

What sight is this ?

WENZEL.

She grovels in the dust;

Fawns on him.

HANS.

Worships him, as men adore

The all-hallowed Host.

FREDERICK.

Lords of the Vehm ! I dare

Affirm I stand not here accountant for

This poor maid's folly, whom, be sure, some
strong

Delusion blinds—to me no less than you

Inscrutable. If, in your wisdom, I

Might question her, belike ye then may glean,

Both from the tenor of that inquisition,

And my deportment, whether I be clear
Or burthened with this sin.

OTTO.

Be it so: Sir Count, proceed.

FREDERICK.

Say, Catherine, wilt thou of thine own free
will—

For, apprehend me well, I neither let
Nor urge thee—wilt thou unreserved to *me*
Unburden thy sad heart?

CATHERINE.

My heart of hearts
Is thine: who owns the casket may unlock
Its dearest treasure.

FREDERICK.

Say what moves thee, then,

To fly thy native home? What strange attraction

Draws and addicts thee to my course?

CATHERINE.

O spare me.

Explore not that which of myself I cannot,
Dare not enquire. No, though I lay my will
Before my conscience, inwardly as prone
As outwardly, to thee—though ye could set her
Full in my sight, upon a golden throne,
Begirt with all her ministers, in arms
Flashing with terror—yet to *that* enquiry
I could nought else reply but this—I know not.

FREDERICK.

Thou dost belie me: vainly would'st delude
My potent ken, whose fetters yet thou feelest
Indissoluble. What! wouldst blind the eye
At whose bare glance thy closest thoughts ex-
pand,

As the young bud her petals to the sun ?
Bethink thee—thou hadst best. In body or soul
What hath befallen thee ?

CATHERINE.

Where ?

FREDERICK.

No matter.—In
What place soever ?

CATHERINE.

When ?

FREDERICK.

Imports not. Now,
Or earlier ?

CATHERINE.

Ah, instruct me, dear my lord—
My memory wanders.

FREDERICK.

I instruct thee ! I !

Thou moonstruck dreamer ! Canst thou nought
recall ?

What place was that where late we met ? and
what,

Reflected on the mirror of thy mind,
Stands foremost there ?

CATHERINE.

The Rhine.

FREDERICK.

'Tis well remembered ;

For there it was, beside the conscious Rhine,

In the close covert of a glen, we lay,

Veiled from the broad-eyed glare of sultry noon.

And dost thou nothing recollect of what

Befell thee there ?

CATHERINE.

Nothing, my lord.

FREDERICK.

What ! Nothing ?

Nought of the drink I gave thee ?

CATHERINE.

Drink ! O, now

I mind me well. There was a grotto near,
And, for I loathed the wine he offered me,
Gottschalk, thy trusty squire, a cup of water
Drew from the gushing spring.

FREDERICK.

And what did I ?

Took thee by the hand—and to thy lip——? How
now !

Why start ye ?

CATHERINE.

Never, my most honoured lord !
Thou ne'er didst touch my hand.

FREDERICK.

How ? Catharine !
Remember—

CATHERINE.

O forgive me. Once at Heilbronn,
The while my father at thine armour wrought.

FREDERICK.

And never since ?

CATHERINE.

My hand ?

FREDERICK.

Or otherwise
Approached thy person ?

CATHERINE.

Yes; at Strasburgh—late
As at the stable door I sat and wept,
Thou, with mild speech and gentle touch—thy
hand
Scarce for a moment held beneath my chin—
Didst cheer me.

FREDERICK.

Soh ! And wherefore didst thou weep ?

CATHERINE.

That thou didst question me, and I was loth
To answer.

FREDERICK.

Right. For sooth to say, I put thee
To some defence of blush, which to thy shame
Witnessed right well, so fiery red the blood
Mantled o'er all thy bosom. Meet it is
Thou tell the purport of that secret parle

CATHERINE.

Thou didst remind me of my poor father,
Whom the soft touches of thy fancy painted
In Swabia, far away, forlorn, and pining
For his lost child. And "Would I," thou
didst ask,
"Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?
"Or straight return?"—whereto all means to
speed me
Thou didst devise.

FREDERICK.

We wander from the point.
Now mark me. Thou rememberest well the
shed
Where thou didst rest at night?

CATHERINE.

Right well, my lord.

FREDERICK.

Did I ne'er seek thee there?

CATHERINE, *firmly*.

Never.

FREDERICK.

Take heed

How thou deny it.

CATHERINE.

Never.

FREDERICK.

Catherine !

CATHERINE.

Never.

FREDERICK.

Fie on thee, liar !

CATHERINE.

On my salvation, No !

Thou ne'er didst seek me, ne'er approach me *there*.

FREDERICK.

Out on the rash light-witted giglot ! Lo,
Now is she perjured ; her young soul's redemption
Forfeit and sworn away ! To this plain question
Make strict reply. At Strahl, five days ago,
By twilight, when beneath that shed we met,
And I commanded Gottschalk to be gone,
What *then* befell ?

CATHERINE.

O merciful heaven ! forgive me,
That I forgot. Yes, once at Strahl thou didst
Approach me.

FREDERICK.

Say ye so ? Why, then,
Spite of false swearing, truth will out. At Strahl,
Alone by twilight in the shed we met.
What then ?

OTTO.

Urge her not thus—she weeps.

THEOBALD, *supporting her.*

My child!

CATHERINE, *impatiently.*

Prythee, forbear.

OTTO.

Then, after all, there chanced
Nothing of note.

WENZEL.

To press her thus, Sir Count,
I scarce call human.

FREDERICK.

Are ye so advised?

Why then, dismiss us.

[*A pause; during which the judges consult apart.*

OTTO.

Hold ! The court pronounces
That thou, Count Frederick, in milder mood,
Proceed to question her; leaving this stern
Inquisitorial course, which more arrays
Thy triumph than assists the cause, and
wields
A power more hateful o'er her prostrate mind
Than e'en the magic thou art charged withal.

FREDERICK, *raising her from the ground.*

Lords of the Vehm ! her triumph, not my
own,

It was my purpose to proclaim: for me—
There lies my glove—lift it who will. But if
In your dread sight this maid be blameless
held,
I sue for her release.

WENZEL.

'Twould seem thou hast
Good cause to wish her hence.

FREDERICK.

What's that ? Good cause !

Art thou her judge and——Sure, my good lords,
ye would not,

By rude o'erbearing, force her to conviction
Of shame she knows not of.

WENZEL.

Yet, by your favour,

We fain would know what chanced at Strahl.

FREDERICK.

Indeed !

Question ye still of that ? Then kneel again.

[*To Catherine.*]

OTTO.

Count Frederick! thou art bold.

FREDERICK, *to Catherine.*

To me, none else,

Make answer.

HANS.

By your pardon, Sir,—to us.

FREDERICK.

Stir not from hence. He whom thine own free
will

Acknowledges sole arbiter, alone
Shall judge thee.

WENZEL.

Ha ! Beware Count Frederick ! Here
Be means at hand——

FREDERICK.

What ! tell ye me of means ?
Not if all hell opposed, should ye constrain her.
In brief, my lords, what would ye know ?

HANS.

By heaven !

WENZEL.

Such daring merits——

HANS.

Ho ! Vehm officers !

OTTO.

Forbear. Bethink ye, friends; this is
No common prisoner.

FIRST ASSESSOR.

Nought to me appears
That argues him of guilt, or crafty dealing.

SECOND ASSESSOR.

Nor yet to me. The cause in his conducting
May safely rest.

OTTO.

Then question her again,

What chanced at Strahl five days ago, when ye
At twilight met, after commandment given
That Gottschalk should depart.

FREDERICK, *to Catherine.*

What chanced at Strahl
Five days ago, when we by twilight met,
And I commanded Gottschalk to be gone ?

CATHERINE.

Forgive me that I faltered in reply:
Thou shalt hear all. Yet——

FREDERICK.

Wherefore dost thou pause ?
Already 'tis confest: I touched thee—
Besieged thy hand, perchance thy lips—and
then
Circled thy waist with a lascivious arm—
And——

CATHERINE.

No: 'fore heaven I swear, my honoured lord,
Of all this action didst thou nothing use.

FREDERICK.

What then ?

CATHERINE.

My lord, you spurned me from you,
And stamped with fury on the ground.

FREDERICK.

Nay; thus

I scarce would treat an unoffending cur.
How hadst thou angered me ?

CATHERINE.

That I did turn
From the old man my father, when he came
To bear me from thee: that I fled to thee

For refuge; which denied me, that I fell
Senseless before thee: therefore didst thou spurn
me.

FREDERICK.

Tut ! That was policy to blind thy father,
For still I housed thee in my castle ?

CATHERINE.

No.

FREDERICK.

How fared ye then ?

CATHERINE.

Before thy face I fled,
For it was kindled into flaming rage,
As thou didst seize a scourge to drive me forth.
Yet far I fled not; but without the gate,
Upon a ruined wall with moss o'ergrown,
Sat weeping all the day; at night reposed

Beneath an elder bush, in whose close shade,
Fragrant with clustering flowers, a nestling finch
Sought shelter.

FREDERICK.

True; and thence with hound and horn,
And the rude rabble yelling at thy heels,
I hunted thee?

CATHERINE.

Not so. What wouldst thou have me
Make of my gracious lord?

FREDERICK.

A fiend—a wizard.

Come, thou'lt not own it, lest the tale offend
Yon fearful lords.

CATHERINE.

Little of them

Recks thy brave heart, and little of thy wrath

Can I of right complain. On the third day
Came Gottschalk with a message from my lord—
A gentle one, “That thou wouldst hold me all
“The dearer—call me thy good Kate of Heil-
bronn,
“So I would part in peace.”

FREDERICK.

And thy reply ?

CATHERINE.

Was this; “Thou didst not grudge thy shelter-
ing bower
“E’en to the silly chirping finch, that built
“Her cradle in the elder bush, why, then,
“To Kate of Heilbronn ?”

FREDERICK, *raising her.*

Once more, then, ye lords,
All blameless I present her here before you;

Take her, and deal with her and me hereafter
E'en as ye list.

[*A pause*

OTTO, *to Theobald.*

Out on thee, crazy dreamer !
That in the blindness of thy gross conceit,
Of universal nature, seest not here
The great enchanter. If your judgment, lords,
Be ripe as mine, proceed we to the ballot.

WENZEL.

Collect the votes.

All.

The votes.

FIRST ASSESSOR.

The hoary fool !
Why here is nought to judge.

OTTO.

Vehm herald ! bring
The helmet and collect the balls.

*[The herald presents them to Otto,
who rises and continues.]*

Frederick Wetter, Count of Strahl ! the Court
Unanimous acquits thee. Thou, old man,
Depart; nor e'er, 'till armed with better proof,
Pursue this process more. Judges, arise;
The session 's closed.

THEOBALD.

Acquitted ! O reverse
The unrighteous doom. What ! know ye not—
the world
Springing from nought, proves the Creator ?
Why then,
Is it not plain yon fair creation, brought
To nought, and worse than nought, a shapeless
chaos,

Proves him who marred God's gracious handi-
work

None else but the evil one ? Tell me, I pray ye,
Follows not this of course ?

OTTO.

Peace, dotard, peace.

We sit not here in judgment to make straight
Thy crooked wit. Ho ! to your office there ;
Blind him, and thrust him from the court.

THEOBALD.

Out on ye !

Is this your justice ? Cast ye thus adrift
A wretched father in his helpless age ?
And this his only child ?

OTTO.

To thee, Count Frederick,
The Court consigns her. Of the mastery
Wherewith her soul's affections thou canst sway

Add yet another, and the weightiest, proof—
Restore her to her sire.

FREDERICK.

Whate'er my power—
My will obeys to the utmost. Catherine !

CATHERINE.

My dearest lord !

FREDERICK.

Thou lovest me ?

CATHERINE.

That I love thee
'Tis my heart's joy to own.

FREDERICK.

Then wilt thou grant
The boon I crave.

CATHERINE.

I can deny thee none.

FREDERICK.

By thy so plighted love, then, I conjure thee
Return to Heilbronn: follow me no more.
Wilt thou do this?

CATHERINE.

Thou hast my promise——Ah!
I faint. Farewell!

THEOBALD, *supporting her.*

My Kate! My only child!
Help! help! What ho!

FREDERICK.

Enough. Vehm officer!
Your handkerchief.

[*He binds it over his eyes.*]

THEOBALD.

Curse on thine evil eye,
Death-darting basilisk ! that I must look
On this, thy master-proof, of devilish cunning.

OTTO.

What is the matter there ?

WENZEL.

She sinks ! she swoons !

FREDERICK.

So; now conduct me forth.

THEOBALD.

To hell with thee !
Such conduct have thou as the jailor there,
With the red eye and snaky hair, shall give thee.
Down, wizard ! down to the nethermost pit,
where glows
The quenchless focus of eternal fire,

Ten thousand fathoms deeper than the flame
That idly flares above.

OTTO.

Peace, peace ! old man.

THEOBALD.

There is no peace ! What peace have I ? what
thou,

My poor, poor Catherine ?

WENZEL.

Lo ! she opes her eyes.

HANS.

Her breath returns.

OTTO.

Soh ! lead her softly on ;

And, Porter, gently tend her at thy lodge.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Worms.—*An open place, with Lists set out for wager of battle, in the back ground. On one side the Emperor, seated on a throne, attended by the Archbishop of Worms, Count OTTO, Knights, Marshals, Herald, and other Officers: on the other, FREDERICK, Count of Wetter-Strahl, as Defendant, in a light helmet and breastplate; and THEOBALD FRIEDEBORN as Appellant, armed from head to foot.*

EMPEROR.

Three months are flown, Count Wetter-Strahl,
since thou,
Journeying through our good town of Heilbronn,
there

Didst with a silly wench hold amorous parle,
Unblest by marriage rites. The wanton fled
Her father's house; and thou, in bold defiance
Of justice, from her sire and native home,
Cowering beneath thy castle's shadowy wing,
Dost hold her close immured: and now, to gloss
And varnish o'er this gross injurious wrong,
Dost blaze abroad a tale ridiculous,
Nor less unholy, of an apparition
Angelic, that in nightly dreams reports her
Sprung from our royal loins; a forgery
So fraught with sacrilegious folly, we
But laugh to scorn, and for our part affirm
Thou might'st as well the imperial garland set
On the base upstart's brow. But hark ye, sir,
No inch of Swabian land shall she inherit,
Nor e'er set foot within our royal court.
So much for her.—But yonder stands a man,
Bowed down by wrong more than old age, whom
thou
Hast set at variance with his blood—declared

His wife dishonest—albeit he protests her
Till death most loyal, and himself the father
Of their ungracious child. Wherefore we cite thee
Before our sovereign footstool, to make good
This scandalous defamation of the dead.
Up, then, to arms, thou mighty one, that makest
Angels thy fellows: for thou standest here
Not with tongue-doughty valour, but the din
Of iron arms, to arbitrate and prove
On listed field, in battle hand to hand,
The revelation thou'rt inspired withal.

FREDERICK.

My royal liege ! Lo, here a warrior's arm,
Exulting in its strength—the pith and marrow
Of lusty youth; and sinews forged of steel:
An arm in battle proved of prowess fit
To match with Satan; which, if once it fell
On that hoar head, would crush it scalp and skull,
Flat as the circle of a yesty cheese,
Fresh from the Switzer's churn. O, of thy grace

I do conjure thee, hold what I have said
No other than a senseless fable, such
As vulgar superstition oft will forge;
And on the warrant of coincidence,
To politic fools appears to tally close
As joints of rings dissevered. In thy wisdom
Weigh my dull dreams of—Troth ! I know not
what—

Visions beheld on Saint Sylvester's eve,
The mere phantasma of a feverish brain;
And e'en as lightly reckon of my speech
As I of thine, had my most honoured liege
Pronounced me heathen, or a Hebrew Jew:
Or say I raved, as sure I did, to turn
Yon peasant's daughter to a royal lady,
The imperial offspring of my sovereign lord.

ARCHBISHOP.

Sire, by your grace, such recantation well
May calm the heart of yonder bold appellant;
For of no private practice, good or ill,

Of the old man's wife, doth the accused depose
Directly aught; and what he rashly babbled
With Mariana, the young damsel's handmaid,
He now revokes. Account it not for sin,
If by a seeming miracle, of such
Portent beguiled, Reason—as oft she will—
Did for a moment from her bias stray.
And thou, good Theobald, bethink thee, how
An hour ago, he pledged his knightly hand,
In firm assurance that the truant child,
On thy first summons at his castle gate,
Should to thy charge be surrendered. Take her,
then,
Depart in peace; be comforted, old man,
And let this matter rest.

THEOBALD, *to Frederick.*

Ha! hypocrite!

And durst thou now deny thy soul, ingrained,
Steeped through and through, from crown to
foot with foul

And blasphemous belief, that she, my true
Begotten flesh and bone, is alien to me—
Love-daughter to my liege? What! know I not
How day by day thou hast been busied, prying
Into church-registers, computing dates,
Reckoning from month to month, the day, the
hour

Of her conception; strained thy cunning wit
To make time, place, and circumstance agree
With just twice eight years since at Lent, what
time

His Majesty, in progress through the land,
Held court at Heilbronn? Monster, misbegotten
Betwixt a fury and a god! Swart spirit
Of some unhallowed parricide, bedizzened
With angel light, confounding fair and foul,
Against the course of Nature, jarring all
The pillars of her everlasting shrine,
Based on primeval granite—out upon thee,
Brood of the accursed one! whom my good
sword

Burns to unmask, and if it fail, shall turn
On my own heart, and hurl me headlong down
To blackest night.

FREDERICK.

And so—to death eternal !

Wretch ! whose inexorable malice hunts
The soul that ne'er imagined harm to thee;
Enduring that for conscience sake, which rather
Thy pity might have moved. Well, be it e'en,
Blood-ruffian ! as thou wilt. But mark thou
first—

For longer I forbear not—mark what now
I solemnly re-word. At dead of night,
As sick, well nigh to death, entranced I lay,
An angel, armed in panoply of light,
This from the fountain of all truth delivered,
Which here before the face of God I stand
Proclaiming—aye, and clang it in thine ear—
“ Catherine of Heilbronn, falsely called thy
daughter,

“Springs from yon royal stem.” If this be false,
Come on, convince me that I lie.

EMPEROR.

Blow, trumpets,
And strike the slanderer dumb.

[A long flourish of trumpets.]

THEOBALD, *drawing his sword.*

And were my sword
A very rush, frail, impotent to strike,
And pliable as if the flimsy blade
With kneaded wax were jointed to the hilt,
Yet should it split thee sheer from head to heel,
Like a bloat toadstool, mouldering, rank, and
rotten;
The world to witness, recreant, that thou liest.

FREDERICK, *laying aside his sword.*

And were my helmet, and my head to boot,
As glass transparent, brittle as a shell

Void of its embryo, yet thy sword, rebounding,
And shattered into splinters, shall strike fire
As though it smote a rock of adamant.
The world to witness of my truth. Lay on,
And heaven decide which hath the clearer cause.
[*Takes off his helmet.*]

THEOBALD, *turning from him.*
Put on thy casque.

FREDERICK.
Lay on.

THEOBALD.
Put on thy casque.

FREDERICK, *thrusting him down.*
How now? art blind-struck by a flashing eye?
What lets me now, but that with trampling heel,
In right of conquest and my just revenge,
I break into thy brain? But live; and learn

From Time—that ancient sphinx, which, soon
or late,

Unriddles all things—Catherine of Heilbronn
Is daughter to my Liege.

PEOPLE, *without*.

Hurrah !

EMPEROR.

Break off.

ARCHBISHOP.

How now ? my gracious Lord !

A KNIGHT OF THE TRAIN.

What stir is this ?

COUNT OTTO.

Help, ho ! What ails his Majesty ? O heaven !
Lead on, my lords. Trust me, he's strangely
moved. [*Exeunt*.

NOTES.



NOTES
ON THE
DRAMATIC SPECIMENS.

Page 421.

“Scenes from Schiller’s Maid of Orleans.”

THE first of these specimens of Schiller’s dramatic style, though a soliloquy spoken on the stage, bears rather the character of a pastoral elegy in its general tone and structure. At the same time, the phraseology is perfectly dramatic in effect; for, on closer observation, it will be found, that though the metre is highly elaborate and artificial, the sentiments are no less natural, and adapted to recitation. The speech, beginning in the most subdued tone of melancholy, rises at last to the highest climax of impassioned eloquence. This is brought about partly by a progressive elevation of thought, and partly by a gradual

change of metre. The first strophe consists of a simple quatrain, the second takes the addition of another couplet, and the five last stanzas are in ottava rima. The whole cannot fail to remind us of the soliloquy of Eve lamenting her expulsion from Eden.—Paradise Lost, Book XI. :—

“ O flowers,

That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names—
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th’ ambrosial fount ? ”

Page 425.

“ *Scene X.* ” &c.

May give some idea of Schiller’s tragic dialogue and declamation ; but his deep-toned pathos, and display of passion, must be sought for elsewhere, and in the original ; for it is to be regretted, that, with the exception of Coleridge’s excellent paraphrase of a part of Wallenstein—of which, however, *pathos* is by no means the leading feature—we have as yet no good translation of any entire play by Schiller. That of the Robbers, which Mr. Carlyle, in his *Miscellanies*, Vol. II., p. 280, designates as “ *one of the washiest*,” appears little worthy to supply the defect ; and we may safely abide by the sentence of so shrewd a critic, whose authority is confirmed by his own spirited prose

version of some detached scenes from the same tragedy. The theatrical history of Joan la Pucelle is too familiar to English readers, through the admirable scenes in Shakspeare's first part of Henry VI., to need much disquisition; yet it may be interesting to observe how it differs sometimes in these two great dramatists: Shakspeare, following the popular chronicles of Hollinshed, treats the Maid of Orleans as a witch; Schiller avails himself of the testimony of Pasquier, to invest her with the attributes of divine inspiration. There are only three sources of information upon which we can rely for a well authenticated account of the history of Joan. First, the evidence of Monstrellet, the *only contemporary historian*: secondly, the letter written in the name of Henry VI. to Philip, Duke of Burgundy, giving an account of what passed at her trial and condemnation at Rouen: thirdly, the account of the above-mentioned Stephen Pasquier, who lived *after the event*, but asserts that he had for a whole year in his possession the *original* publication of her trial, which is, however, to be carefully distinguished from the *subsequent* records, founded upon mere hearsay. Of these three documents, the first—Monstrellet's history—though minute in its detail of facts, gives no opinion whatever as to Joan's inspiration—whether she was witch, prophetess, or impostor. The reason of his caution is supposed to be a fear of offending his patron, the Duke of Burgundy—a party too deeply prejudiced against the accused not to have silenced any opinion in her favour which it might have been indeed very dangerous to reveal. The second—Henry's letter—or rather that of his uncle, the regent

Duke of Bedford (for Henry was only nine years old at the time), broadly and wickedly assumes the charge of witchcraft. The third—Pasquier's account—equally open to the imputation of partiality on the other hand—affirms that Joan was what she pretended to be—an inspired minister of the will of God. In summing up the argument drawn from these sources, Rapin, in a dissertation at the end of his History of the Reign of Henry VI., comes to this conclusion:—that either Joan was an enthusiast, who deceived herself as well as others; or that she was made an instrument by the statesmen and politicians of the time to bring about the event which she pretended to prophecy; acutely remarking, that there was no evidence whatever of her having *predicted* even the raising the siege of Orleans *until after the event*, still less the expulsion of the English from France, which did not take place until twenty years after. On the whole, he rather leans to the opinion, that Robert de Beaudrencour, the knight by whom Joan was first introduced to the court of Charles VII., taking advantage of her infatuation, had conspired with Count Dunois—Shakspeare's Bastard of Orleans—and others about the person of the king, to induce a belief of Joan's miraculous mission, and by thus working upon the credulity of the people, and reviving their courage, assisted in reinstating the affairs of France. The project, though it fell short of Joan's assumed predictions, seems to have succeeded beyond the expectation of its contrivers; whether it really terminated in her destruction or not admits, it is to be feared, of little question. Most historians agree, that, after having performed miracles of valour, she was taken

prisoner in a sally at the siege of Compeigne, and delivered up to the Count of Ligny, one of the Duke of Burgundy's generals; afterwards to the Duke himself; and lastly, by him to the Duke of Bedford, who, to his eternal shame, ordered her to be tried as a witch: that she was accordingly given up to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Bishop of Beauvais, in whose diocese she was taken, and, after a long examination, first condemned to do penance as a heretic; and finally, after an extorted confession, and under colour of a relapse into her former errors, brought to the stake, and executed in the market-place at Rouen, on the 30th of March, 1431, about two years after her first introduction to Charles at Chinon. There are two statues of this celebrated maid still to be seen, one at Orleans, the other at Rouen; and Tindal, in a note appended to a dissertation, of which we proceed to take a brief view, adds, "It is not safe for an Englishman to appear on the anniversary of her supposed execution." The dissertation here alluded to, was written by De la Motte, Rector of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, to prove that Joan was never executed. Tindal, quoting from a MS., states, that the author represents her to have been a downright visionary, neither inspired by God nor the devil; that the whole affair was not altogether a contrivance, but the effect of enthusiasm—which was clearly manifested in all her actions, particularly in her behaviour at her trial; that after condemnation, being brought to a sober temper, she recanted, but, on being tempted by the sight of the male attire which she had worn during her pretended ministry, she re-assumed it—whence he concludes she ought rather to have been con-

fined in a mad house than condemned to the stake. What leads him chiefly to doubt the latter fact is, first, that Charles should never have claimed her as his subject, or made any overtures for her exchange as a prisoner, nor ever sought to revenge the outrage. On these points he observes—that the Bishop of Beauvais, her judge, was a Frenchman, and therefore disposed to favour her, which appears by the fact of no less than five weeks having past between the sentence and supposed execution, a circumstance which leads to the suspicion of her escape; that there exists still a deed of gift from the Duke of Orleans to “Messire Pierre,” the brother of Joan d’Arc, in consideration of his having left his own country, together with his sister, to follow the Duke’s service, “*till the hour of her absence*,”—the last words he alleges as proof that she did not suffer death, which fact, had it happened, would not have been omitted in plea of the merits of his case; that Father Vignier, of the oratory, had seen a marriage deed between Joan and the Sieur des Armoises, whom she must have married *after her return to Lorraine*; and finally, that Mezerai, in his History, affirms the appearance in Lorraine of a person very expert in arms, declaring herself to be the Maid of Orleans, *after the pretended execution*—who was acknowledged and publicly honoured as such—who married a nobleman—and whose posterity remain to this day. De la Motte concludes by declaring his belief that some effigy, or perhaps some other female criminal, was substituted for her, and that by a private agreement between the Bishop of Beauvais and the King of France, which would account for the apparent indifference of the

latter, she was kept in prison until the death of her greatest enemy, the Duke of Bedford, which took place about three years afterwards, and was then sent back to her own country. See note at the end of the 4th vol. of Tindal's translation of Rapin's History of England, 8vo., London, MDCCLVII. This conjecture, it may be observed, rests but upon very slight grounds, much the same, indeed, as those assumed by Walpole in his vindication of Richard III. from the charge of murdering his nephews in the tower. Happy could it redeem the honour of our country from the foul imputation under which it appears but too justly to labour, of the part which her rulers took in the fate of Joan la Pucelle, one of the saddest tragedies which disgrace the annals of the fifteenth century.

Page 422.

"Roam as ye list, my lambs."

Monstrellet asserts that Joan was not a shepherdess, but had been brought up as a sempstress, and afterwards was for a long time a servant at an inn, and had the courage to ride the horses to water, and perform other feats which young girls are not accustomed to. This destroys all the pastoral romance of her character, for which, however, Shakspeare and Schiller have the authority of Pasquier, and other more partial historians.

Page 424.

"To Rheims."

The place of coronation for the kings of France, as Scone was formerly for those of Scotland, and as Westminster still is for the sovereigns of the British empire. Charles VII. was crowned at Rheims on the 8th of July, 1429, shortly after the raising of the siege of Orleans. The ceremony being ended, Joan would have retired, affirming that here her heavenly commission ended, but she was unhappily prevailed upon to remain, to her own destruction.

Page 425.

"Bastard of Orleans."

He was properly so called by Shakspeare, because it does not appear that he was elevated to his titles and estates *until after the siege of Orleans*. His proper style after that was John d'Orleans, Count de Dunois and Longeville. He was the natural son of Louis, Duke of Orleans—the half brother of the then reigning duke, *not the son*, as represented by Pasquier, for reasons which prove him to be an unfair and partial historian. Dunois was born in 1403, and began his martial career by a victory over the English, which led to the raising of the siege of Montargis, in 1427. By his vigorous defence of Orleans, and the

adroitness with which he directed the enthusiasm of Joan of Arc, he justly earned the title of Restorer of his Country. In the reign of Louis XI. he joined the insurrection called the League for the Public Good, and died in 1468. Compare this with Scene VI., Act I., of Henry VI. In the latter it is Regnier, not Dunois, who personates the Dauphin, and the scene is laid before Orleans. Schiller, following Monstrellet's History in both particulars, places the Bastard of Orleans on the throne, and lays the scene at Chinon. The fiction of repeating the king's prayer seems to be entirely his own.

Page 428.

"Thine Agnes's love."

Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII., was a native of Fromonteau, in Tourrain, born in 1410. She was maid of honour to the Queen, and so distinguished for her beauty that she was universally called "the fairest of the fair." Her personal attractions appear to have been no less captivating than her mental charms, and gained such an ascendancy over the mind of Charles, that, in spite of his natural indolence, they are said to have been the chief means of stimulating his exertions against the English. She bore him three daughters—maintained her influence to the last—and died at Mesmel, near Jumiges, in 1450. It is supposed by some that she was poisoned by order of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., but it needs no addition of any unauthenticated crime to consummate the character of

the hero of Plassis les Tours, already consigned to immortal infamy by the Lord of Argenton and the author of Quentin Durwand.

Page 429.

“ Deep in the valley of Domprè.”

In the original, **Dom Remi**; literally, the Dome or Cathedral of St. Remi, or Remigius. There are two saints of that name in the calendar. The Archbishop of Rheims, who converted and baptised Clovis, A. D. 535, and another who was almoner to the Emperor Lothaire, and the author of a defence of St. Augustine's doctrine of predestination, who died Archbishop of Lyons, in 854. Either of these may have been the founder of the church alluded to. Schiller, always accurate in his researches, adds, that it was, in the diocese of Toul, which is in the department of Meurte, on the Moselle. The Bishop of Toul in those days was a prince of the empire, and suffragan of Treves. Monstrellet calls the name of the place where Joan was born Droimy, which Rapin says ought to be Domprè. The latter, being the name now best known, has been here adopted. It was probably the name of the parish, as **Dom Remi** was of the church. *Dom près* may mean *Dome*, or *Cathedral in the Fields*, just as we say St. Martin in the Fields; and Droimy, in the Burgundian patois, is probably an abbreviation of Droit de Remi, like the Anglo-Saxon Roll-Richt, Rollo's Right, or Roll-Right, the name

of a district in Worcestershire, as explained by Camden. Be this as it may, the birth-place of Joan *d'Arc*—that being the name of her family—was, by all accounts, in the department of Meurte, on the Moselle, not far from Vaucouleur, between Lorraine and Burgundy. It appears to have been on these grounds that she was claimed, when captured, as a subject of the Duke of Burgundy; and had she been treated merely as a state prisoner, taken in arms against her sovereign, there might have been less objection to the proceedings against her. But there can be no justification of the manner in which she was subsequently treated, and least of all of the sentence under which she suffered. She could only have been delivered up by Burgundy to Bedford—the representative of Henry, whom he might choose to consider as his liege lord—in the character of a prisoner of war. As a *subject*, Henry, though assuming to be king of France, had no jurisdiction over her, for, strictly speaking, she was not a native of France; still less had he the right of punishing her for heresy, to say nothing of witchcraft. The conclusion, therefore, which Rapin draws is perfectly correct, that, “By such a rule, every prisoner of war would be in danger of being condemned by his enemies for forged crimes, and sacrificed to their malice.”

Page 429.

“*The time-honoured image of our Lady.*”

Both Shakspeare and Schiller have assumed that Joan

was, or pretended to be, inspired by the Virgin Mary ; but it does not appear that she laid claim to so high a revelation. Monstrellet, Pasquier, and others, state, that she affirmed only that she had conversed in visions with St. Michael, St. Margaret, and St. Catherine ; and she herself, when questioned on her trial, answered, that she frequently heard a voice from heaven, and saw a light which she took to be an angel—that the voice had often warned her to go to France, and raise the siege of Orleans, &c.

Page 429.

“ A sacred oak.”

When asked at her trial whether she had ever seen any fairies, she replied, No ; but that one of her godmothers pretended to have seen some at the fairy tree, near the village of Domprè.

Page 434.

“ To set her before the vanguard of our host.”

Such is the station which both the great dramatists have assigned to Joan, and with authority, though not quite historical, yet fully sufficient for theatrical purposes. For though Monstrellet, speaking of her entry into Orleans, says it was not she who commanded the convoy, but that

she only attended the marshal with some who had enlisted under her. Yet he adds afterwards, "And notwithstanding that in these three assaults *Joan is reported by common fame* to have had the chief command, yet all or most of the noble knights and captains were in them," &c. Nor does he fail, in spite of all his remarkable caution and reserve, to speak highly in commendation of her valour. For example, in his account of the operations of the French army after the affair of Orleans, and particularly at the battle of Patay, he says, "Joan was ever in the front of her standard:" and again, "She acquired so great praise and reputation, that all men imagined the king's enemies would be no longer able to resist her; and that shortly, by her means, he would be restored to his kingdom."

Page 435.

"In ancient Fierbois stands St. Catherine's fane."

Shakspeare turns the history of this consecrated sword equally to good account in Scene VI. of his play, where Joan challenges the Dauphin to single combat as a test of her divine commission.

"Pucelle.—I am prepared: here's my keen-edged sword,

Decked with fine flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Tourain, in St. Catherine's church,
Out of a deal of old iron, I chose forth."

Monstrellet is silent about this sword; but both our poets

had good authority in alluding to it ; for Pasquier, quoting from the trial of Joan, says, " The proctor charging her with having caused an old sword to be concealed in St. Catherine's church at *Fierbois*—mark the accuracy of Schiller—and sending for the same after she had conversed with Charles, she denied that it was a fraud. She had heard three masses in that church," &c.

Page 436.

"And for my standard," &c.

In the celebrated letter written in the name of Henry VI. to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, quoted by Monstrellet, Vol. II., fol. 70, is the following paragraph : " She likewise wore arms appointed for knights and squires, and set up a standard. Moreover, she demanded with great boldness, pride, and presumption, to bear the most excellent arms of France, which she hastily obtained, and bore in several incursions and assaults, as did her brothers also : viz. azure, two flower-de-luces or, and a sword, the point upwards, fermed with a crown." In Pasquier's quotation from her trial, we have a somewhat different account. " Upon being accused of usurping dominion over men, &c., she answered, she had done it to beat the English : adding, her standard was of linen or fustian, bordered with velvet, a field semée of fleurs-de-lys, and in the middle the image of God holding the world, supported by two angels in white, and underneath Jesu Maria. Mazerai records, that after raising

the siege of Orleans, Joan d'Arc and her family were allowed to assume the name of De Lys, in allusion to their coat of arms, set down in the letter above quoted.

Page 437.

“ Charles de Valois, Count of Ponthieu.

Ponthieu is a small district of Picardy, between the rivers Somme and Canche, of which Abbeville is the capital, and which formerly gave title to an earldom, vested in the house of Valois, and afterwards merged in the crown of France; so that to address the King of France by the title of Count of Ponthieu was to deny the claim of the descendants in the male line of Philip III., Count of Valois, to the kingdom of France—an insult in its nature and extent resembling that which was impudently practised by the Papists and Jacobites of the last century on the three first British sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, whom the successive Pretenders, in all their proclamations, affected to reduce to the secondary title of Electors of Hanover. There was, however, this difference:—in the case of the Roman Catholic descendants of James II. the offence was aggravated by a treasonable defiance of the Act of Settlement in the Protestant line; while in that of “ the meek usurper,” Henry VI., it was palliated, first by his rival, the Dauphin (afterwards Charles VII.) having forfeited his title to the crown by a decree of the States-

General of France, in consequence of the murder of the Duke of Burgundy ; and, secondly, by the plea of his own succession and coronation at Paris, in 1431, in prosecution of the conquests of his father, and in renewal of the pretensions set up by Edward III., in right of his mother, Queen Isabel. He had besides another plea, in right of his own mother, Queen Catherine. These pretensions were founded upon the assumption that the Salique law was inapplicable to the point at issue. But even if it were granted that the crown of France was entailed on *heirs general*, still it would remain to be proved that Isabel survived her three brothers. That she did not survive the numerous issue of two of them, namely, Lewis X. and Philip V., is quite clear. Yet the wars which ensued on these absurd pretensions lasted, with various success, and sundry intermissions, no less than two hundred and thirty four years, up to the unaccomplished treaty of marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke Anjou. Nor was the titular claim of the sovereigns of Great Britain to the kingdom of France ultimately relinquished till late in the reign of her present Majesty's grandfather, George III., at the peace of Amiens. The behaviour and treatment of Schiller's herald will remind the readers of Shakspeare of the insulting embassy sent by the French Dauphin to Henry V., when Prince of Wales, Act I., Scene III., and of the manner in which Chatillon is dismissed in the first scene of King John :—

“ Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;
For, ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.”

Page 440.

"Fort la Tournelle."

Shakspeare, in Act I., Scene IX., of Henry VI., which represents the death of the Earl of Salisbury and Sir Thomas Gargrave, does not mention the name of the fortress from whence they were shot. Schiller follows Mons-trellet, with this slight deviation, that the latter says, "The bulwark of *les Tournelles* being besieged and taken by the English, before Orleans, was set fire to; which proved fatal to Salisbury, who was looking out of a window, and received a cannon ball, shot by accident: while by Schiller's expression—

**Streckt ihn ein Schuss aus Orleans zu Boden
Als er vom Thurm la Tournelle nieder sah,**

we are led to suppose that the shot proceeded from the town instead of one of the outworks which had been taken. The translator, in matter of fact, may be excused for having adhered to the historical rather than the poetical account—Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, died a few days after he was wounded, at Melun, whither he had been conveyed on the 3rd of November, 1428, and was buried at Bisham, in Berkshire. He left no male issue, and was succeeded in his title by Richard Neville, son of the Earl of Westmoreland, who had married his only daughter, the Lady Alice Montacute. His widow married William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk.—Dugdale's Baron., Vol. I., p. 652-3.

“ Scenes from Kleist’s Kate of Heilbronn.”

Ewald Christian von Kleist was born at Zeblin, in Pomerania, in 1715 ; entered as an officer in the Danish service in 1736, but afterwards exchanged into a Prussian regiment. He lost his leg by a cannon-ball, at the battle of Kunnerdorf, in 1759—was left for dead, and plundered by the Cossacks on the field of battle, where he lay a whole winter’s night. In the morning he was picked up by chance, and carried to Frankfurt on the Oder, but died from loss of blood eleven days after the battle, and was buried by the Russians with military honours. “ Kleist was equally admired,” says Professor Bernays, “ in the hymn, the elegy, the patriotic song, and the idyl.” His opus magnum was *Der Frühling*—the Spring, which, the same critic observes, “ was perhaps never surpassed in grace and sweetness.” He was also a great dramatic poet, and has written several of those historical, or rather pseudo-historical, plays, which are great favourites among his country-men, under the title of *Ritter-Schauspiele*—Plays of Chivalry, of which his Frederick, Prince of Hambrough, and his Kate of Heilbronn are among the most celebrated. The translator is obliged to his friend Carl Ebenau, the eminent Professor at Wiesbaden, in addition to many other valuable favours, for having first pointed out the beauties of this famous play : and it would be unjust not to quote the testimony also of no less a critic than W. A. Schlegel, who had pronounced it worthy to have added another jewel to the crown of Shaks-

peare. Without any direct pledge of concurrence to its full extent, in praise of so lofty a character, it may, nevertheless, be allowed, that there are many splendid passages in this drama, which breathe much of the genuine spirit of our great paragon, especially in the hyperbolical display of the passions, peculiar to both the poets. The whole of the first Act, representing the trial before the secret tribunal, and part of the fifth, where the old armourer meets the knight in single combat, have, perhaps, never been surpassed in dramatic effect upon any stage. For this reason, and, with a view to exemplify the resemblance alluded to, these scenes have been selected for the present purpose. Whether it will be recognized in any degree through the dim medium of translation may be very questionable; and it is no less to be feared that some peculiarities of sentiment and expression may be found in the dialogue, of a character too little in accordance with our habits of thinking to suit the taste of general readers. Let it, however, be borne in mind, that these are by no means exhibited as specimens for theatrical representation, but as studies for the closet; and even there they will require occasional explanation.

Page 443.

"Kate of Heilbronn."

Heilbronn is situated on the Neckar, and was once an imperial town in the circle of Swabia, but is now attached to the kingdom of Würtemberg.

“ *The Vehm—subterraneous cavern,*” &c. &c.

The compilers of “The Library of Entertaining Knowledge,” in their treatise upon the secret tribunals of Westphalia, spell this word with an F., alleging that *v* and *f* are convertible letters, and inclining to the opinion of Leibnitz, that the true etymon of the word is the latin *fama*, fame, in the sense of common report. That the letter *v* is pronounced like *f* in German, is true; yet, judging from analogy, such, nevertheless, is not the English orthography, otherwise we should write *fon* Göthe, *fon* Schiller, &c. In like manner, we all know that the German *w* is pronounced like our *v*, yet we invariably use the former letter, as in Weimar, Würtemberg, Westphalia, &c. Besides, the root proposed by Leibnitz, founded on the notion that these tribunals derived their name from the dangerous practice of admitting evidence upon hearsay, is too hypothetical to be seriously adopted, especially as the editors themselves say, “It is proper to observe, that fem [rather vem] appears to be an old German word, signifying condemnation, and it is far from being unlikely, after all, that the Fehmgerichte may mean merely the tribunals of condemnation—in other words, courts for punishment of crime, or, what we should call, criminal courts.” On these grounds the orthography of the text is submitted as established. For a general view of the origin, progress, and decline of the secret tribunal, the constitution and extent of its jurisdiction, the privileges and proceedings of its members, the reader is referred to the able epitome alluded to. Still,

with all deference to the noble chairman and learned committee who superintend its publication, it is hoped that a few words may be heard in humble appeal against an opinion which divests the Vehm of all its romantic horrors, and that a little allowance may be made for human infirmity, if, ere we take leave of those mysterious caverns, dimly lighted by the midnight lamp, and

Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms—
Some natural tears we drop ;

for it cannot in any reason be expected that we should, without much reluctance, be weaned from our long cherished veneration for those masked and sable-mantled judges ; or that we should at once relinquish that tender pledge of our first love—" *the Maiden's Kiss*,"* which was wont to *salute* us, in imagination at least, whenever we descended into the vaults at Baden, or traversed the recesses of the Black Forest. But, seriously : if there be proof on the one hand that these courts were originally established on principles of sound equity, that their citations were formal, their sessions open, generally held by day-light, out of doors, beneath a tree, or under the broad canopy of heaven—yet, on the other hand, it is admitted that there were *secret* as well as open courts, that their proceedings were often arbitrary, and their emissaries no less in num-

* A machine constructed with springs and spikes, which has been ingeniously compared to the wife of Nabis, who crushed her husband to death in her arms.

ber than ten thousand armed men, bound by oath, under the most cruel penalties, to seize the uninitiated, and in some cases, to commit summary execution, by hanging them on the nearest tree, after a mock trial, conducted in their absence, where their judges were frequently their accusers, and equally unchallenged and unknown. Now, if we allow the secrecy in some instances, and the power to practise it in all, we cannot deny the exercise of the most obvious means, and probably to their fullest extent. The secrecy, then, was both frequent and complete—the power arbitrary and unlimited. And how, we may ask, could the *former* be anywhere so well preserved as in vaults and caverns under ground? or the latter better enforced than by all the terror of its hideous paraphernalia? Some of these are admitted as authentic: the sword and halter were ostentatiously paraded upon their table—the knife left in the carcase of their victim by the road side. Why, then, discredit the use of the mask, the black mantle, the torch, and implements of torture? If we are to rely on the first, as founded on historical fact, it can require no great stretch of credulity to believe the rest. But when, in addition to abstract reasoning, we have not only tradition—for it is unfair to say there is none—but the evidence of our own eyes, in proof of these secret practices—when, under the existing ruins of a castle in Saxony, the very heart of ancient Westphalia, that *red land*, which was the centre of their jurisdiction, we see the hooks and staples to which their prisoners were bound—where is the necessity for attributing these means and appliances to any other than the most ostensible agents? or how are

we justified in setting at nought the witness of travellers, and other intelligent writers, who, though convicted of being poets and novelists, may possibly be no less able etymologists, antiquarians, and philosophers? At all events, whatever we may be disposed to think of the researches of a Frances Trollope, or a Fredrika Brûn, those of Sir Walter Scott are not so easily to be repudiated, even when opposed to the authority of Leibnitz, or Dr. Berck. And since it has been conceded that in *his* opinion the *romantic* character which he every where attaches to the secret tribunals is also the *true* one, there needs no other excuse for dissenting, *in that point*, from the judgment of the distinguished editors of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

Page 443.

“*Otto—Wenzel—Hans,*” &c. &c.

Whether these gentlemen, whom the list of dramatis personæ represents as councillors of the Emperor, and judges of the secret tribunal, under the grim names of *Otto von der Flühe*, *Wenzel von Rarthheim*, and *Hans von Bärenklau* (Bear’s-claw), be historical or fabulous characters, they must be supposed to be of the same degree as the defendant, Frederick Wetter-Strahl (tempest-flash), who is both count and belted knight; for the rules of the court provided that the accused should be

tried by his peers. The first of these, being the *Freigraf*, Free Count, or president of the court, from whom the citations proceed, may be either the *Stuhl-Herr*, Tribunal Lord, or his deputy. The two latter are *Frei-Schöffen*, Assessors, of whom there were never fewer than seven: their title is derived from the low latin *scabinus*, the French *echevin*. The inferior officers, whom our author calls *Uehm-herald*, *Uehm-boten*, and *Wäscher*—heralds, messengers, and ushers, more properly bore the appellation of *Frohmboten*, holy or consecrated messengers. They were all adepts—*Wissenden*, for none, not even the Emperor himself, could enter the court if not initiated; and if any of these, from the Free Count, or Tribunal Lord, down to the lowest functionary, dared to publish the secrets, or violate the oath of the association, the penalty was, that he should be bound hand and foot, and cast blindfold into a dungeon, and that his tongue should be plucked out through the nape of his neck. No wonder, then, as their historians affirm, that their commands were rigidly executed, and their *private signal* never divulged.

Page 446.

“ *I do arraign him*

Of witchcraft.”

The secret tribunal, according to its original constitution, as already explained by the etymology of the old word *Uehm*—condemnation, was strictly a criminal court, and took no cognizance of civil offences. Its jurisdiction ex-

tended over all matters of sacrilege, rape, murder, robbery, treason, perjury, &c. ; and, like the Spanish Inquisition, which, particularly during the age of its decline and abuse, it resembled in too many instances, directed its fiercest persecution against all crimes connected with heresy, in which category witchcraft was of course especially included. But in that barbarous age, that is to say, from about the middle of the thirteenth to the close of the sixteenth century, as almost all power was gradually assumed by these arbitrary courts, they usurped at last, under a cunning interpretation of the law, the right of trying civil as well as criminal causes. But in all cases of contumacy every exception was laid aside, and the delinquent pronounced *Uchm-bar*—subject to their jurisdiction. They had also from the beginning, the power of outlawry, under which dreadful sentence, the outlawed *Der Verbannte*, rarely escaped death.

Page 448.

“ Lo, here be thirteen of us,”

Commonly called the devil's dozen. The old prejudice, not yet extinct, either in England or in Germany, of thirteen in company being an unlucky number, appears to have reference to our Lord and his disciples, one of whom was doomed, by his apostasy, to a disastrous end. It may be questioned, however, whether the superstition was ever before carried so far as to denounce the unfortunate supernumerary as not only the *odd*, but the *evil* one !

" Plumed hats and robes of taffeta."

It may, perhaps, be disputed whether the material, cut, and colour of the cloaks worn by these judges are here correctly described; but there can be no question as to their wearing hats; for it is expressly stated in their ordinances, as quoted by Dr. Berck, that their president derived part of his salary from the fines and fees levied at every trial, and inauguration of the members, "*to repair his countly hat.*"

" Neat in her city garb," &c.

" Christenings—Marriage feasts—Birthday," &c.

There is no country where national customs vary from age to age less than among the middle and lower classes of inhabitants of the old towns in Germany: nowhere are births, christenings, weddings, &c., so religiously attended, or solemnized with more affectionate observance. The amiable custom of offering little gifts at the birthday of every member of the family is as general there as it is in France, and, perhaps, still more picturesque in its details. On such occasions it is usual to set up the naked branch of a shrub or tree, upon which these little presents are suspended; to heighten the effect, they are set off with coloured paper, foil, and spangles, illuminated by a num er

of wax tapers: and it is delightful to remark the pleasure of the younger children at a spectacle which they have been anticipating for the whole year, and the interest which their elders take in their innocent exclamations of delight. There is a beautiful allusion to these little sparkling presents, invariably exhibited on the eve of Christmas-day, in a ballad by Rückert—*Des fremden Kindes heiliger Christ*—which well deserves the attention of any future translator, and is to be found in the second volume of Dr. Mühlentfels's Manual, p. 373. We may inveigh against the German phlegm, if we will, but there might be less of something still worse—of coldness and exclusiveness, among ourselves, more union in families, better fellowship and good feeling in all ranks of society—could we condescend to imitate our continental neighbours in their more genial habits, or return to some of our own old-fashioned anniversaries, now almost forgotten.

Page 451.

"The glorious Morning-land."

We have already naturalized several of the German compound words, such as father-land, mother-tongue, &c.; and as the cultivation of their literature advances, we may expect to enrich our language with many more expressions equally significant. Among others, *Das Morgenland*, here, perhaps for the first time, literally translated, as a substitute for *the East*, appears to prefer the claim of eu-

phonism, at least, for our adoption. The East, however, is a glorious monosyllable, and it would be presumption indeed to think of replacing it, otherwise than by an occasional synonym, in our vocabulary. One of the reasons for venturing to introduce the novelty here, was to avoid plagiarism ; for the similarity of a passage in Milton—Paradise Lost, Book ii. line 4—will at once occur to every reader :—

“ The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her sons barbaric, pearl and gold.”

Page 456.

“ *Bearing a salver on her head,*” &c.

This peep into the interior of the mènage of an opulent citizen and craftsman of the middle ages, is the more interesting as it helps to exemplify what has already been advanced concerning the immutability of German character and costume. Allowance made for the trade of an armourer having, for obvious reasons, declined, at the present day, to the less dignified department of his mystery—that of a blacksmith, it is probable that much the same appearance of personal respectability, of bluntness, and simplicity of manners, would be observable in the establishment and deportment of a tradesman of parallel importance at Heilbronn at the present day, as in honest Theobald Friedeborn, during the age of chivalry. We should find him surrounded with substantial, if not ostentatious comforts—

deferential, though free, with his superiors—a little consequential—perhaps not a little superstitious—and certainly waited upon by his daughter, and calling for ham and sausage wherewith to regale his customers.

Page 456.

*“ Close as a clasp-knife
Clings to its groove.”*

This is one of those peculiarities before alluded to, as little consonant with the taste of an English reader, and still less to be tolerated by an English audience. It is, in truth, a forced and unnatural simile, and, to our ears, sounds vulgar, for reasons explained at large in the Introduction to Schiller's *Bell*: see p. 113. In this instance it certainly smacks a little too much of *cutlery*; but as that was in all probability a branch of the armourer's craft in those days, the expression may be pardoned on the plea of its being appropriate to the speaker's guild.

Page 460.

“ Wire more subtly forged,” &c.

Another of those technical similes, which, however discordant with our notions of dramatic dignity, it was nevertheless indispensable to the general object of these illustrations to preserve, as an example of *national style*.

*"E'en as a favourite hound that once hath tasted
His master's sweat."*

In the original, *Ein Hund der von seines Herren Schweiß gekostet*. It may admit of a doubt whether this means that the dog has tasted his master's *sweat*, or his *blood*: for though the primary signification of *Schweiß* is sweat, yet, in the language of the chase, it often means blood. See Bose's *Wörterbuch der Jagdwissenschaft*, Vol. II., p. 234., 8vo., Leipzig, 1808, where the word is explained as technically used for the *blood* of the prey or quarry. And, by the same rule, a blood-hound in German is by sportsmen properly called *Schweißhund*. There is an interesting ballad by Hauff, entitled "Duke Allrich of Würtemberg on his flight from Nebelhöhle," where he describes himself as a stag, hunted by blood-hounds from his own dominions. The passage is this:—

*Die Bluthund wetzen schon den Zahn;
Sie dürsten nach dem Schweiß des Hirschen
Und sein Geweih steht ihnen an.*

I am the game at which they shoot;
The blood-hounds already whet their teeth;
They thirst after the *blood* of the stag,
And his antlers delight them—i. e., are the object
of their cupidity.

Though this is not exactly a parallel case, yet it is possible that our author's meaning may be, that Catherine pursues

her lover like a hound whose fondness for his master has been obtained by having been allowed to lick his blood, instead of his *sweat*—a method not unusual with the lower order of sportsmen. The latter meaning, however, has been preferred in the text as the most natural one, the rather as there is *here* no immediate allusion to any *game*, and also because the phrase, in this sense, is applicable, not only to a blood-hound, but any other dog whose instinct, it may be presumed, is generally attracted towards those whom he follows by the effluvia of perspiration rather than of blood.

Page 461.

“ *A tiny knot,*” &c.

This, though quaintly expressed, is highly descriptive of the tenderness with which the darling of her family had been brought up ; and very artfully heightens the contrast between her former condition and that to which she had made herself liable by her passionate pursuit of her lover. But whether the poet's manner of making the comparison will be considered a beauty or a blemish, must depend upon the judgment of different readers. There may be some who will treat it as one of those *concetti* which are more to be stigmatized than admired ; others, as a thought remarkable for its originality, and neither unnatural nor affected. But, whichever of these be the sounder criticism, the expression, without being blamed or approved, is here

only given as an instance of one of those national peculiarities which distinguish the style and phraseology of different languages.

Page 462.

"As with the cat," &c.

So Shakspeare; Macbeth, Scene X. :—

"Letting I dare not wait upon, I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage."

The adage, however, *here* alluded to, refers to another element, and is as old as Æsop. Our poet quotes from that version of the fable, of the ape making use of the cat's paws to handle his roasted chesnuts, which is to be found in *Reinicke der Fuchs*, one of the oldest German poems upon record. Mr. Carlyle, in the second volume of his *Miscellanies*, gives an interesting narrative of its antiquity, and some ingenious specimens, extracted from that singular work.

Page 472.

"Knight of the noisome pool," &c.

Den Grafen von der stinkenden Pfütze.—Literally, the Count of *the stinking pool*. It has cost the translator no little pains to qualify this epithet, so as to make it less offensive to ears polite.

Offenduntur enim quibus est equus, et pater, et res
 Nec, siquid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emptor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ.

This may excuse the license of rather a long periphrasis, and assist in exemplifying one of those expedients with which, as has been before observed, our language abounds, whereby to avoid those "ignominiosa dicta" which present some of the greatest difficulties that a translator has to contend with.

Page 472.

"Enter Catherine, blindfold," &c.

Up to this period the dialogue, in the original, has been conducted in *prose*: the remainder of the first act, and the greater part of the whole play, are written in blank verse. The latter has been uniformly used by the translator, to whom the subject-matter of these scenes appeared to be better adapted to verse than prose. This may, perhaps, be considered at variance with his promise to imitate the rythmical expression of his authors; but it is obvious that such notice was applicable only to the lyric metres. The dramatic specimens were, in fact, an after-thought, while the former were passing through the press.

Page 477.

"Then will I plead, and freely too."

The character of Catherine here begins to develope itself

in a passionate outbreak, which reminds us of no dramatic writer more forcibly than of Mr. Sheridan Knowles. With such knowledge of scenic effect, and with a pen so forcible in the delineation of female character, what might not be made of such a subject as this play affords? If, in evolving the fiery spirit of his Julia, Mr. Knowles has exhausted the emphasis of a Messenger, or a Ford; or if the bitter draught commended to the lips of his disdainful countess be drained to the dregs, how plentifully might he replenish the tragic bowl, by infusing ingredients of a milder nature, from a source so tender yet energetic as the heart of "Kate of Heilbronn"—a subject for another Fletcher? Such an undertaking would afford the opportunity of producing a new phasis of the same many-featured passion—an obverse of the medal which as yet has been impressed only on one side, though with the deepest stamp, and sharpest outline. It might, indeed, be difficult, if not impracticable, to convert the materials of Kleist, as they now exist, into a play which would satisfy the exactions of a British audience; yet, there seems to be no good reason why the same subject, if treated with equal ability, after a careful revision of the dialogue, and perhaps some alteration of plot, might not produce a pendant worthy of Mr. Knowles's last admirable picture of "Love." The inexhaustible topics suggested by that little monosyllable are capable of infinite modification, and in this instance nothing would be required, but reversing the situation of the lovers, to elicit an interest, at least equal, if not more exciting than before. A German knight and nobleman of feudal times, struggling till at the very point of death with

a virtuous passion for an object conventionally held to be beneath his birth, might convey, even to our more chastened perceptions of such disparity, a feeling no less lively than that of a serf, who by intrinsic merit aspires to the hand of his liege lady ; while, on the other side, the emotions of a mind ennobled by nature, though belonging to an apparently low-born maid, urged by the same irresistible motive, but unconscious of its cause, or vainly striving to disguise it from herself, and yielding with meek and devoted resignation to every brutal and ungenerous repulse—may surely be presumed to possess qualities far more entitled to sympathy than feelings, however outraged, of an opposite character. Nor would the denouement, which elevates the menial handmaiden to the daughter of an emperor, and which, with a little variation from Kleist's fable, might be made to degrade her odious rival to the lowest rank, afford a conclusion less strikingly applicable to Mr. Knowles's excellent moral.

Page 511.

“Act V., Scene I.—Lists set out for wager of battle,” &c.

The readers of Shakspeare need scarcely be reminded of his picturesque representation of the lists at Coventry, in the 22nd of Richard II., A. D. 1,398, except to draw attention to some interesting points of resemblance in the treatment of the same dramatic situation by two poets, who in some striking particulars have been compared together.

The parallel between Shakspeare's great combatants, the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, and those of Kleist, will be noticed in its proper place.

Page 513.

"Flat as the circle of a yesty cheese," &c.

Though this expression, especially in the mouth of a hero, may appear to militate against the rules prescribed by Horace, such as

Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto,

and again,

Silvis educti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,

Ne velut innati triviis et pene forenses,

Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,

Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta,

yet they are here translated literally, for two reasons: first, because in this instance any deviation from the author would have precluded the opportunity of illustrating his peculiar mode of allusion to objects national and familiar; and secondly, because, with all reverence for classical prescription, it is by no means inconsistent with the dignity of modern tragedy, for the speaker, however elevated, to descend, in the heat of passion, and bitterness of contempt, to the lowest terms of vituperation and abuse. Thus, Macbeth, turning fiercely on the messenger who brings news of the approaching enemy, condescends, like Kleist's

Frederick, to draw his metaphors, not only from the dairy, but the poultry yard :—

“Thou *cream*-faced lown !

Where got'st thou that *goose*-look ?

———What soldiers ? *whey*-face !”

Such expressions, uttered under the impulse of a mind too much hurried to wait for better, though coarse, are still perfectly natural, and therefore dramatic ; nor are they to be rashly criticised, however repugnant to the prudery of an over refined age. Not to be misunderstood, however, it must be distinctly stated, that no plea is here made in behalf of *immoral* thoughts or expressions. Let the *morality* of the stage be ever strictly guarded, but at the same time let its standard of emancipation from all mawkish restraints never be lowered. A proper sense of decorum is, doubtless, requisite to moderate the lively sallies of conversation, whether on or off the stage : but when it degenerates into a shrinking affectation of sensibility, it meets the opposite extreme of vulgarity, and becomes more odious, if possible, than coarseness itself. Against such criticism only are these remarks directed. It reminds us of the Frenchman's horror at the Greek tragedian, who describes Electra *running* to meet her brother Orestes, a breach of bienséance which he esteems unworthy of a princess and a heroine. Or, to bring the case more home to ourselves, it is not unlike the mock review of the Satirist, who, where Othello, in the height of his jealous rage, breaks out into common oaths, remarks that he is liable to the penalty for swearing : and such probably would be the opinion of the majority, were that glorious tragedy now presented for

the first time; yet no sound critic will deny that the passage alluded to affords one of the strongest proofs of correct insight into the nature of ungovernable passion, adopting the coarsest vehicle for its expression; and degrading the most exalted to the level of the lowest mind.

Page 514.

"To tally close

As joints of rings dissevered."

This alludes to the custom sometimes practised by lovers among the common people at the *Verlobung*—plighting of faith, when a ring is broken in two, one half of which is kept by each party, that if, from time to time, or at the day of marriage, the two pieces tally with each other, proof may be thus afforded that they have not been transferred, and consequently that both bride and bridegroom remain still of the same mind, otherwise the engagement is annulled.

Page 514.

"Visions beheld on Saint Silvester's Eve."

There were two popes of this name—the first elected in A.D. 314, died in 335, and seems to be no otherwise eminent in history, than as having been contemporary with the council of Arles, and afterwards that of Nice, in 325,

and that it was during his pontificate that the government of the catholic church was established, as it has existed ever since, on the model of civil empire. Silvester II., whose original name was Gerbert, was born at Auvergne, entered as a monk the monastery of St. Gerard, became distinguished for his piety and learning, was tutor to Robert, son of Hugh Capet, and afterward to the Emperor Otho III. In 991 he was promoted to the bishopric of Rheims, in 997 to the archbishopric of Ravenna, and in 999 succeeded Pope Gregory, and, on being elected to the papal dignity, assumed the name of Silvester. Such was his proficiency in the arts and sciences, particularly those of arithmetic and geometry, that he is said to have constructed clocks, globes, and astrolabes with his own hand, and consequently fell under the suspicion of necromancy. His ecclesiastical power was signalized by several remarkable events. In the year 1,000 he conferred upon Stephen I, King of Hungary, the famous consecrated crown which was held to be the palladium of his kingdom; and at the same time constituted him perpetual legate of the holy see, with the disposal of all church benefices. The historian Ademar, relates, as an instance of the abuse of papal power, that Grimaold, Bishop of Lemoges, having been imprisoned, but afterwards released, by Guy, the feudal lord of that city, for having possessed himself of a disputed monastery, appealed to Silvester, who condemned the Count to be tied to the tail of a wild horse—a sentence which he only escaped by flight, with the connivance of his accuser. Among the letters of Silvester II., published at Paris in 1,611, is one dated the first year of his pontificate,

and addressed to the church, projecting a crusade. If, then, of the two popes here mentioned, the second, as is most likely, was the saint, it may be presumed that he partly owed his canonization to the latter circumstance, and generally to his secular influence, more than to his great learning, which seems rather to have detracted from the odour of sanctity, except in the minds of those who were in advance of the age in which they lived. He died A. D. 1,003. The vision here alluded to will be explained in a subsequent note.

Page 514.

"Heathen, or a Hebrew Jew."

A very serious accusation in the days of the secret tribunal, though treated here as lightly as when Falstaff makes use of similar words. "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew."—Henry IV., Part I., Act ii., Scene 9.

Page 516.

"Monster, misbegotten."

Professor Bernays, towards the end of his "Historical Outline of German Poetry," says, with much truth, in vindication of his countrymen from the general charge of mysticism, that "the German language supplies many

terms for the mysterious emotions of the mind which are not found in English." The existence, he adds, "of such peculiar expressions, naturally produces peculiar and more profound methods of reasoning, which render many of our philosophical writings, and even some of our didactic poems, unintelligible to those who like to read as they run. For such, there certainly is much mysticism in German literature, but it soon disappears to those who are in the habit of applying thought to the productions of thought." Whether, in examining this and one or two more passages of this play, the *author* may be considered liable to the imputation alluded to, or whether it ought not to be transferred to the *character* he delineates, may be doubtful. If attributable to the poet himself, the fault, according to our notions, would be unpardonable in a dramatist; for surely one of the chief requisites in dramatic writing is to convey at once, and with all possible perspicuity, the meaning of the dialogue, *provided any meaning is intended to be conveyed*. But if, as, for instance, in such characters as Dogbery, or, the worthy fraternity of Nym, Peto, Fardolph, and Pistol, no idea is meant to be conveyed, beyond the mystifying stupidity and irresistible drollery of the persons themselves, it is plain that the nonsense they utter is no farther ascribable to the poet, than as a proof of the infinite variety and versatility of his talent—so in this instance, if, as is probable, the intention of Kleist was to exhibit in Theobald Friedeborn a personification of the vulgar prejudice and superstitions of a barbarous age, we may easily conceive that it was his design also to embody, in the same person, the *mysticism* which is said to belong

to his nation, in other words, to make him speak a language as mysterious and undefined as the thoughts he is labouring to express. In this case, it would be as unjust to make the author answerable for the obscurity of any passage which he puts into the mouth of his old armourer, as it would be to impute to him any of those violent sentiments to which such a character naturally gives utterance, —a mistake, by the way, not uncommon with hasty and indiscriminating critics, and which has been fatal to the success of many a dramatist. On such occasions Pope's sensible rule should constantly be kept in view—

“ In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

What Kleist intended to compass in the speech to which this note immediately relates, and in another, at page 469, will better appear, by producing the original in both instances, with an interlineary translation *mot à mot*, and then by referring the reader to the two places severally in the text: by this means he may judge for himself, whether the mysticism is ascribable to the author, or to the character in the play, and at the same time how far the translator has succeeded in rendering the meaning or *no meaning* of the original. The first passage under immediate consideration, is as follows:—

Verwegner,	du,	aus	eines	Gottes	Kuss,
Reprobate,	thou,	from	a	God's	kiss (embrace),
Auf	einer	Furie	Mund	gedrückt,	entsprungen
On	of a	Fury's	mouth	imprest,	sprung (begotten)

Ein glanzumflossener Watermordergeist,

A light-over-flooded parricidal ghost,

An jeder der granitnen Säulen rüttlend

At each of the granited pillars shaking

In dem uralten Tempel der Natur

In the everlasting temple of Nature, &c.

The second must be compared with the text at page 469, where Theobald invokes Hecate, *somewhat in King Cambyzes' vein*, which, notwithstanding all his efforts, the pains-taking translator is by no means confident of having worked up to the proper pitch of bombast;—

Num denn, so walte, Hecate, Fürstinn des

Now then, so do thy will, Hecate, Princess of the

Zaubers, moorduftige Königin

Magician, fen-steamy Queen [queen of the steamy fen]

der Nacht! Sprosst ihr dämonischen Kräfte,

of night! Sprout, ye devilish powers

Die menschliche Satzung

which human ordinance (every ordinance of man)

sonst auszuäßen bemüht war,

formerly (at the beginning) out to weed employed was

blüht auf, unter dem Athem der Hexen, und

blossom up, under the breath of the witch, and

schoßt zu Wäldern empor, dass die Wipfel

shoot into forests aloft, that the tops

sich zerschlagen und die
 themselves may spread (strike into each other), and the
 Pflanze des Himmels, die am Boden keimt
 plant of heaven, which on the ground germinates,
 verwese; rinnt ihr Säfte der Hölle, tröpfelnd aus
 may fade; run, ye juices of hell, dripping from
 Stämmen und Stielen gezogen, fällt, wie ein
 stems and stalks drawn, fall, like a
 Katarakt, ins Land, dass der erstickende
 cataract, on the land, that the infectious
 Pestqualm zu den Wolken empordampft;
 plague to the clouds [may be] steamed up;
 fließt, und ergießt euch durch alle Röhren
 flow, and pour yourselves through all the tubes
 des Lebens, und schwemmt in
 (hollow vessels) of life, and wash in
 allgemeiner Sündfluth Unschuld und Tugend
 universal deluge innocence and virtue
 hinweg.
 away.

Page 517.

"And so to death eternal."

Nun, der Gott selbst verdamme. This might have been more literally translated, in the very words of Graciano to Shylock, "O be thou damned, inexorable dog!"

But such masculine expressions are not to be hazarded too frequently in English. This play abounds with them and it must generally be admitted, that in such matters a German audience appears to be as much too indifferent as we are over scrupulous.

Page 517.

"An angel armed in panoply of light."

This vision is related at greater length in a foregoing scene. To make it more intelligible, it is necessary to explain, that the hero of the play, in his struggles to overcome what he deems a degrading passion, had thrown himself into a delirious fever, and, when at the point of death, had been visited by an apparition. This happened on St. Silvester's day—new-year's eve, at midnight—a season held most propitious to angelic revelations. The Count had supposed himself to have been dreaming, but was afterwards convinced that he had been conducted in spirit by an angel to the chamber of his mistress, at Heilbronn, while his body lay entranced in his own castle, at Strahl. Of this apparition Catherine had also been made sensible, having been roused from her bed by the angel, who had previously revealed to Frederick that he was destined to marry the Emperor's daughter, whose identity was to be proved by a mole upon her back. The act of discovering this mole causes an ejaculation, which brings the young maiden's attendant, Mariana, to her assistance, with a light, which instantly dissolves the vision. The spirit of the Count, after this excursion, returns peaceably

to its earthly tenement, and his health is immediately restored. Then follows a scene of great interest and effect—the second of the fourth act, where he becomes convinced of his having been visited by an angelic apparition, and confirmed in his belief of the prediction. Catherine, who is described, rather too *zoologically*, as a somnambulist who sleeps *like a marmot*, and dreams *like a hound*, is represented asleep upon a bank, and the Count, who is aware of this propensity, elicits, from what she divulges in her dream, the fact of her having seen the vision as well as himself. This incident, so effective in its representation on the German stage, might, perhaps, be considered hazardous on ours. Yet, to such timidity, it may be apprehended, the effect of many a striking situation has been sacrificed! How much may be accomplished, on the other hand, by a bold experiment! How tremendously the night-walking scene in *Macbeth* was heightened, by a novelty first introduced by Mrs. Siddons, will be long remembered—a novelty suggested by her own excellent judgment, in opposition to the remonstrances of more than one critic of great experience, but of a genius less daring than her own. After deliberately setting down the taper, and thus leaving her hands at liberty, she slowly and gracefully assumed the action of pouring water upon them, then gently rubbing one with the other—her eyes fixed on vacancy—her expressive features transformed, as it were, to stone, she stood before us like a spectral statue, and pronounced the harrowing words—

“ Out, damned spot : ” —

and presently changing her voice from the deepest tone of solemnity to that of the acutest anguish—

" All the perfumes of Arabia will not
Sweeten this little hand."

Then the sighs that followed! "Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!" It is by such brave efforts alone that the triumphs of the drama can ever be achieved. Without them, both authors and actors sink into commonplace, and mere mediocrity. It was not for this that the pencil of Reynolds and Lawrence have vied with each other; the former in his personification of the tragic muse, the latter in that of the royal Dane; nor that the skill of Chantry has more recently been employed to commemorate the talents of another meritorious member of the same gifted family. And much as we may lament that a generation so prolific of dramatic art is quickly passing away, yet have we this consolation—to use the words of the distinguished nobleman who presented the last mentioned token of admiration*—"The scroll which bears the names of the contributors will testify that Charles Kemble lived not in an ungrateful age."

Page 518.

" *Blow, trumpets,
And strike the slanderer dumb.*"

When Richard III.—Act iv., Scene 5—is intercepted in

* A Silver Vase, designed by Sir Francis Chantry, and presented by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, to Mr. Kemble, before a numerous and distinguished assembly of his friends and admirers, upon the stage of Covent Garden Theatre, on Tuesday, February 3, 1840.

his last expedition, and upbraided by the queen with the murder of her children in the Tower, and by his mother with that of the Duke of Clarence, he exclaims in like manner—

“ A flourish, trumpets ! strike, alarum drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail at the Lord’s anointed.”

Page 518-9.

“ *And were my sword a very rush.—The flimsy blade
With kneaded wax.—Sheer from head to heel,*” &c.

“ *And were my helmet, and my head to boot,
As glass transparent, brittle as a shell
Void of its embryon.*”

Before we enter upon the general examination of these passages, some apology must be made for the omission of one word almost untranslatable—*messerrückendün*—literally, thin-as-the-back-of-a-knife. It occurs in the original between those which are here translated transparent and brittle—*Durchsichtig, messerrückendün, zerbrechlich*—and is one of those compound epithets which are the offspring of that power of regenerating words by a complication of ideas, which the German language possesses above all others, except, perhaps, the Greek ; and running sometimes to such a lumbering length as to merit the

appellation of sesquipedalia, or ἀμαξιαῖα ῥήματα, words to load a waggon.

In proceeding to review this dialogue, it is impossible not to be struck with the similarity between Shakspeare and Kleist, both in the general conception of the scene itself, and in the histrionic vehemence with which it is conducted. Above all, we cannot but remark the same spirit of hyperbole which, in innumerable instances, pervades the works of our great dramatist, wherever he contrasts the opposite causes and effects of inanimate nature, or depicts the extremes of passion in the human mind. Nor will it be difficult to point out in the passages before us, not only the obvious coincidence of thought, but the very metaphors common to both poets in giving force to their imaginary creations. First, for example, as regards the general mode of expression—the rhetorical style of exaggeration—the τὸ αὐξήτικον of Aristotle—how close is the resemblance throughout! When Faulconbridge—Act iv., Scene 7, of King John—accosts Hubert as the suspected murderer of Prince Arthur, his anger vents itself in the most figurative language.

“ If thou didst but consent

To this most cruel act, do but despair;

And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb

Will strangle thee; a *rush* will be the beam

To hang thee on. Or, wouldst thou drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon

And it shall be as all the ocean—

Enough to stifle such a villain up.”

Again, in the last scene of Othello :

“ Man, put a *rush* against Othello’s breast,
And he retires.”

But, to draw the parallel still closer, if we turn to the early scenes in Richard II., where Bolingbroke and Mowbray meet “ face to face, and frowning brow to brow,” we have the same sort of bravado on either side, as that which is interchanged between the appealed and the appellant in this play, and nearly in the same phrase.

“ *Bol.*—Not sick, although I have to deal with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath,” &c.

Then turning to his father, John of Gaunt—

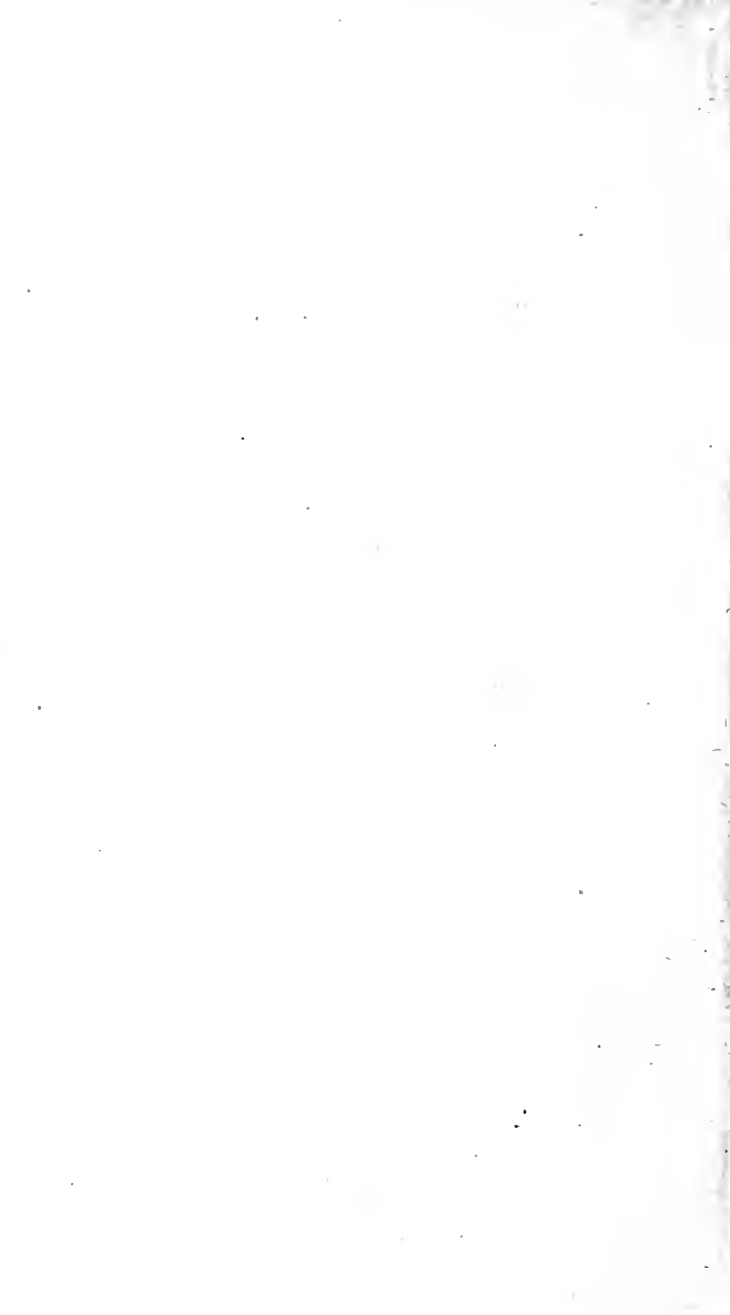
“ O thou, the earthly author of my blood,
Add proof unto my armour with thy prayers,
That it may enter Mowbray’s *waxen* coat.

“ *Mowbray.*—Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage to embrace
His golden uncontrolled enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.”

Compare these passages with the boast of the blustering old armourer, that, such is his confidence in the justice of his cause, against all odds of youth and vigour on the side of his antagonist, that were his sword a rush, joined to its hilt by *wax*, it should cleave him asunder, as easily as a toad-stool, from head to heel; or, in the words of Macbeth’s “ bleeding Captain,” “ unseem him from the nave to the chops.” In the young Count’s answer, the analogy

is no less remarkable, though we may, perhaps, demur a little at the low contrast between the helmed head of a warrior and an empty egg-shell; nevertheless, it might be difficult to find a more striking antithesis to the comparison than the effect of a sword, striking fire, and shattered to pieces in its conflict, with a rock of adamant. There are other traits of similarity, besides the forcible emotions here described, which might be adduced to justify, in no trifling degree, the opinion of the eminent critic in assimilating the garland of Kleist with Shakspeare's imperishable crown. But enough has been said on the subject of a comparison, which, though feasible in the opinion of some, by others may be considered overrated, or altogether inadmissible. Nay, such is the pardonable idolatry of our countrymen, that the very doubt may induce a charge of profanation. It is time, moreover, to conclude, not without some fear that the reader's patience may have been already too severely tried by the length and frequency of these desultory notes.

A D D E N D A.



NOTE.

THE design announced in the "Introduction to the Translations" being now completed, the attention of the reader is called for a few minutes to the following pieces, which bear no reference to the method there prescribed. The first of these will be explained by the note annexed to it. The second—*Der Savoyer und sein Affe*—an humble attempt at original composition in German,—craves every indulgence which is usually granted to writers in a foreign language. But it does not presume, even under that indulgence, to face the public without the correction and encouragement of a native critic well qualified, in every respect, to give an impartial opinion on the propriety of its publication. The next, though not a translation, may, nevertheless, serve as an interpreter to the foregoing, being a ballad, in English, on the same subject, founded upon the melancholy fact mentioned in Southey's Colloquies, of a Savoyard boy and his monkey having been found

starved to death, during a hard frost, in St. James's Park. It has already appeared in print, having been first published in the *Mirror*, No. 573, for October, 1832, and its application to the present purpose will sufficiently account for its republication. A few other specimens are subjoined, and it is hoped that these additions, though avowedly a departure from the original plan, may still be admitted as not altogether inconsistent, in a more general point of view, with the cultivation of international literature ; and that in one instance especially, the boldness of the attempt may, in some measure, be excused by the usefulness of the example. For, without the practice of writing in the German language, its difficulties can never be thoroughly mastered, nor its beauties otherwise than imperfectly felt.

The Magician's Apprentice.

I.

Old Pancrates, priest of Osiris—alack !

Was a wicked idolatrous wizard :

And he sailed in a sieve, and he rode on the
back

Of a Cayman,* which he had the wonderful
knack

Of making as tame a lizard.

II.

For Twenty-three years had he dwelt in a cave,

Where he learned all the magic of Isis:

* See Warton's Wanderings.

Had journeyed to Coptus, and conned the wild
stave
That could raise the dry mummy from out of his
grave,
Who had died in the days of Cambyses.

III.

Word for word would he quote the melodious
replies,
And laughed at the bunglers that garble:
He had heard with his ears, and had seen with
his eyes,
And could whistle the tune, and had measured
the size
Of Memnon's oracular marble.

IV.

A bolt or a pestle, a bar or a broom,
By dint of a strong incantation,
The life and the limbs of a man would assume,
Equipt in the garb of a goblin-groom,
To serve in each menial vocation.

V.

But the sage had a drudge of a different stock—

A peevish inquisitive urchin—

And oft would his chamber mysteriously lock,

Dismissing the chip of the human block,

To practise his art with the birchen.

VI.

“Oho!” quoth the ’prentice, “I’m up to your
pranks”—

And adjusting his eye to the focus

Of key-holes and crannies in crazy planks,

Just like a sly crocodile under the banks,

He got at their hocus-pocus.

VII.

And once on the weird-women’s sabbath-day,

When the worshipful old Ægyptian

Was over the hills and far away,

He resolv’d of his cunning to make essay,

And mutter’d the magic prescription.

VIII.

“ O besom ! O besom ! be broom no more,
But take to thy stumps and toddle;
Up with the bucket, and down to the shore—
And instead of a knob, as heretofore,
Come put on a human noddle.

IX.

“ O water ! O water ! obey the spell,
Bubble, and roll, and rumble;
Into the bucket and out of the well,
With a rush, and a gush, and a mighty swell,
Water ! come toss and tumble.”

X.

Up bristled the broom, as one who knew
And felt the full weight of his mission;
And poised on one toe, to its centre true,
After a slight pirouette or two,
Alighted with great precision.

XI.

On either side suspended spins
A leg and an arm so dapper:
At top a gibbering numpskull grins,
Like a scare-crow whirled upon wooden pins,
With the click of a cherry-clapper.

XII.

Then, pail in hand, to the river he ran,
And bravely he plied the bucket;
And he filled to the brim every pot and pan,
Pitcher, and flagon, and cup, and can,
As fast as they e'er could suck it.

XIII.

So proud of his feat was the 'prentice knave,
That still he cried "Roll and rumble;"
And thrice he repeated the potent stave,
Till bucket on bucket, and wave upon wave,
'Gan fearfully growl and grumble.

XIV.

Then, "Hold, good goblin! be steady," he cried;
But in vain he cried "Hold, and be steady,"
The fiend was again at the water's side—
"A plague and a pest on this rising tide!
We are all in a swamp already."

XV.

And now would he fain the fiend repel,
But he held him in high derision;
For, out and alas! he forgot the spell,
And the old wizard's broom understood full well
How to deal with a raw magician.

XVI.

And he ran up and down, and he ran to and fro,
And still he kept dipping and dipping;
While drenched to the skin from top to toe,
And out of his wits with the overflow,
The 'prentice stood shivering and dripping.

XVII.

'Then he seized on a hatchet, and roared amain,

“Thou limb of old Nick, if thou hazard

But one bucket more, I'll cleave thee in twain,

And brain thee—if ever there dwelt a brain

In that misbegotten mazard.”

XVIII.

The goblin he grinned: but who shall trace—

O Retzsch! for thy magical pencil!—

The spite of that wood-wizzened, weird grimace,

When the old broom dashed in the booby's face

The contents of a horrid utensil?

XIX.

Down glanced the sharp blade with a sidelong
blow,

And split went the broom-stick asunder;

And the 'prentice began to chuckle and crow,

As he cast a proud look at the prostrate foe;

But O, 'twas a look of wonder!

XX.

For the broom was bisected, and bolt upright,
Both halves, like a brace of warriors,
Returned to the charge with redoubled might,
With a pair of fresh pails to renew the fight—
‘These wonderful water-carriers !

XXI.

And they run up and down, and they rush to
and fro,
And still they keep filling and filling;
The garret above, and the kitchen below,
Shute, water-butt, cistern, and cellar o’erflow,
All spouting, and splashing, and spilling.

XXII.

“ O save me, O save me, good Father Nile !
Ye snakes and ye alligators !
Or, if there be prowling within a mile
But one tender-hearted crocodile,
O crunch me these dire dumb-waiters ! ”

XXIII.

Thus prayed the poor slave, when, swift as a
bird,

Alighted the mighty magician !

Though many a league apart, he had heard,

And he saw at a glance, and restored at a word,

All things to their proper position.

XXIV.

“ O besom! O besom! be man no more:

A truce to thy twirl and toddle,”

He said—and composed by the drowsy lore,

At the wall in the corner, as heretofore,

The old broom rested his noddle.

Der Savoyer und sein Affe.

Es läuft des Nachts im Schnee und Wind,
Wohin sich kaum bewußt,
Durch Straß' und Gaß' ein fremdes Kind,
Sein Kefflein an der Brust.

Es schreit durch Fenster, Thor und Thür,
Doch hört man Klag noch Klang,
So geht es immer für und für,
Und weint der Stadt entlang.

„Verschmachtet, ach! vor Hungersnoth,
Vor Kälte, Angst und Pein,
Bitt' ich nur um ein Stückchen Brod.—
Doch wer erbarmt sich mein?

Dich hungert auch, mein armes Thier !

Dein stimmenloser Blick

Aus tiefgesunkenem Auge mir

Berräth dein schwer Geschick.

Du, trauter Leidensbruder, hast

So treu mit mir getheilt

Der langen Reise Noth und Last,

Bis uns der Tod ereilt.

Kalt fällt der Reif—so liegen wir

- Erstarrt auf Eis und Stein,

Den Augen der Unmenschen hier

Entdeckt beim Morgenschein.

Raum vierzehn Jahre an der Zahl'

Wer noch erlebte gern

Der Tage viel in Angst und Qual,

Des Lebens Last zu mehr'n ?

Man sagte mir—War's wohl gethan?—

Dies hochgepries'ne Land

Nehm sich des armen Fremblings an,

Und hilfst mit Herz und Hand.

Ein Land so segenreich so gut,

Mich denkte, recht geschwind

Beglückt wohl so ein junges Blut

Ein arm Savoyer Kind.

Wie sehnte sich mein Knabenherz

Nach dir, du schön Gestand!

Wie lockte, zwischen Ernst und Scherz

Dein goldbestreuter Pfad!

Drum dacht' ich einst, an besserem Loos,

Daheim mich zu erfreun,

Und in der theuren Eltern Schoos

Mein Spargeld auszustreun.

Und konnt' ich dich so sehr verschmäh'n',
Mein Väterlicher Herd?
Daß ich um betteln hier zu gehen,
Von dir mich abgekehrt!

Zwar niedrig war mein Vaterhaus,
Klein mein Savoyer Feld,
Doch theilt man dort den Armen aus
Die Liebe, wenn nicht Geld.

Da fließt im schlichten Herz allein
Das echt liebeiche Blut,
Wie aus den Felsenschlachten rein
Nur strömt die edle Fluth.

Hier wo die Allerreichsten sind,
Kein Segen uns gedeiht,
Dem stummen Thier, dem fremden Kind
Kein Herz noch Hand sich weih't,

Von der Palläste stolzen Reih'n
Wie strahlt das Licht heraus!—
Doch uns wärmt nicht der Flamme Schein,
Uns stärkt nicht ihr Geschmaus.

Sein Scherflein an dem Leib erspart
Ein Armer mir zwar gab,
Und seufzt' dabey auf leid'ge Art
"Weh dir, Savoyer-Knab'!"

Doch Mancher lacht, und Mancher schlug
Mir's ab und sprach voll Zorn,
"Der Bälge haben wir genug,
Und Bettler heimgeborn"

Ja!—doch den Fremden auch erreicht
Die karge letzte Gab,'
Nur vier Fuß Erde, kalt und feucht,
Zum heimathfernen Grab,

Setzt hinter mein zerlumptes Kleid
Komm, niste Du dich ein,
Und laß mein Herz eh' es verscheid,
Die letzte Wärm' dir weihn."

So sprach der Knab' und drückte gar
Sein Kefflein an die Brust,
Der Morgen fand sie todt und starr
Beschützt vor Leid und Lust.

G. B. Imper.

THE
Savoyard and his Monkey.

I.

WEARY and wan, from door to door,
With faint and faltering tread,
In vain for shelter I implore,
And pine for want of bread.

II.

Poor Jocko ! thou art hungry too ;
Thy dim and haggard eye
Pleads more pathetically true
Than prayer or piercing cry.

III.

Poor mute companion of my toil,
My wandering, and my woes,
Far have we sought this vaunted soil,
And here our course must close.

IV.

Chill falls the sleet—our colder clay
Shall, to the morning light,
Stretched on these icy walks, betray
The ravages of night.

V.

Scarce have I numbered twice seven years—
Ah ! who would covet more ?
Or swell the lengthened stream of tears
To man's thrice measured score ?

VI.

Alas ! they told me 'twas a land
Of wealth and weal to all;

And blessed alike with bounteous hand
The stranger and the thrall.

VII.

A land whose golden vallies shame
Thy craggy wilds, Savoy !
Might well, methought, from want reclaim
One poor unfriended boy.

VIII.

How did my young heart fondly yearn
To greet thy treacherous shore;
And dream, the while, for home-return
To husband up a store !

IX.

Why did I leave my native glen,
And tune my mountain-lay
To colder maids, and sterner men
Than o'er our glaciers stray ?

X.

There pity dew's the manly cheek,
And heaves the bosom coy,
That quails not at the giddy peak
Which foils the fleet chamois.

XI.

Here, where the torrent's voice would thrill
Each craven breast with fear,
For dumb distress or human ill
There drops no kindred tear.

XII.

The rushing Arc, the cold blue Rhone,
That in their channels freeze,
And snow-clad Cenis' heart of stone
Might melt ere one of *these*.

XIII.

Why did I loathe my lowly cot,
Where late I carolled free ;

Nor felt, contrasted with my lot,
The pomp of high degree ?

XIV.

Lo ! where to mock the houseless head,
Huge palaces arise;
Whose board, uncharitably spread,
The unbidden guest denies.

XV.

O for the crumbs that reckless fall
From that superfluous board !
O for the warmth yon gorgeous hall,
And blazing hearth afford !

XVI.

All unavailing is the prayer—
The proud ones pass us by;
Their chariots roll, their torches glare,
Cold on the famished eye.

XVII.

And yet, a little from their need

Some poorer hands have spared:

And some have sighed with little heed—

“Alas ! poor Savoyard !”

XVIII.

And some have bent the churlish brow,

And curled the lip of scorn:

For they at home have brats enow,

And beggars British-born.

XIX.

And some have scoffed, as proud to bear

Brute heart in human shape;

Nor mite nor morsel deigned to share,

With alien or with ape.

XX.

Poor Jocko ! yet one soul can feel

Sad fellowship with thee;

And we have shared our scanty meal
In bitterness or glee.

XXI.

Yes, we have shared our last, and here
Have little now to crave;
No bounty, but a passing tear—
No gift, beyond the grave.

XXII.

Still let these arms to thy bare breast
Their lingering heat impart:
Come, shroud thee in my tattered vest,
And nestle next my heart.

XXIII.

Partners in grief, in want allied,
E'en as we lived, we die:
So let one grave our relics hide,
Entwined as thus we lie.

Lines

ON FREDERICK THE GREAT, QUOTED BY
ARCHENHOLTZ, IN HIS HISTORY OF THE
SEVEN YEARS' WAR.*

Auf einer Trommel saß der Held
Und dachte seine Schlacht,
Den Himmel über sich zum Zelt,
Und um ihn her die Nacht.

He sat on a drum on the battle ground,
And pondered o'er the fight:
The heavens his tent, and all around
The sable-curtained Night.

* These and the following lines were suggested for translation by the Author's most kind and encouraging friend Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Imhoff.

Impromptu

ON THE DECEASE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUCHESS OF WIRTEMBURGH.

So viele Güte Anmuth Gunst Verstand
Zerstörte rasch des Schicksals raue Hand
Jedoch die schöne Saat ist nicht verlohren,
Die Hülle brach, der Engel ist geboren.

Wit, beauty, worth, and science, at a blow,
The ruthless hand of destiny lays low.
The seed's not lost—the lovely bourgeons swell—
A new-born angel bursts from out the shell.

SPECIMEN
OF
TRANSLATION IN PROSE,
FROM PART OF A
SOLILOQUY IN KLEIST'S KAETCHEN.

ACT II. SCENE I.

FREDERICK, *throwing himself on the ground.*

HERE will I lay me down, and lament like a shepherd. The sun still darts its ruddy beams through the stems which sustain the waving summits of the wood : a little while, and he will sink beneath yon western hill. Then will I rise, and wend my way homeward across the plain ;

and, ere the lights are extinguished, reach the castle of Wetter-Strahl. My steeds are wandering in yonder valley beside the brook: imagination transforms them to a flock of sheep and goats climbing the mountain's side, and browsing on the grass and bitter shrubs that grow thereon—myself into a lowly swain, arrayed, as the custom of our shepherds is, in white linen, bound about with rosy ribbons. The winds gently fluttering around me, waft upon their pinions the sighs which burst from my^d grief-oppressed bosom to the ear of the compassionate gods. Yes, I will turn over every leaf of my mother-tongue, explore the richest chapter which bears the superscription of sorrow, and rifle all its stores of sensibility, so that no rhymester shall henceforth after a new fashion express, “Woe is me!” All that is touching in melancholy will I evoke. Joy, in its wildest ecstasy, shall alternate with the deadliest woe, modulating my voice, like a skilful dancer, through all the supple

movements which enchant the soul. The very trees shall be affected by my lamentations: nay, if they distil not their dews as if drenched in tenderest showers, then will I pronounce them mere inanimate stocks indeed; and all the lovely things, that poets have sung about them, nought but fables. O thou!—how may I name thee? Kate! *thou maiden nearest, dearest* to me, why may I not call thee mine? Wherefore not exalt thee to that redolent celestial couch, which a tender mother hath prepared for me in the stately chambers of my home? O Kate! Kate! thou whose young soul hath stood before me this day, in all its naked simplicity, melting in voluptuous beauty, like the anointed bride of a Persian monarch, dropping odours upon the carpet, as she passes to the marriage bower! O Kate! Kate! *nearest, dearest* to me! Why may it not be? O! more beautiful than I can sing of thee! a new art will I invent to deplore thy loss. I will open all the phials of sensibility, whether of

earth or heaven, pouring out of them such a quintessence of tears, a gush of such peculiar tenderness—so holy, and yet so luxurious in the shedding—that all men, upon whose necks I weep, shall at once exclaim, they can only flow for Kate of Heilbronn !

NOTES.

Page 579.

"The Magician's Apprentice."

THIS is no translation, and therefore an acknowledged departure from the general character of the foregoing specimens. The substance, not the form of the poem, is taken from Göthe's *Zauberlehrling*, nor does it approach in the remotest degree to any imitation of the wild and mysterious style of the original. It must be considered rather as a *jeu d'esprit*, in the style of one of Coleman's "Tales of Wonder," the well known parody, for instance, on Lewis's ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine." It is remarkable that no mention is made, either by Madame de Staël, in her account of Göthe's poem, nor in any of the editions of his works, of the origin of this whimsical tale. The classical reader, however, will at once trace it to that prolific source whence so many other diverting fables have been drawn—the dialogues of Lucian.

The present is to be found under the title of Φιλοψεύδης, ἡ Ἀπίστων, "The Lover of Lies, or The Incredulous," which Dr. Franklin has inelegantly translated, "The Lyars." The story is related by Arignotus, one of the interlocutors, nearly in these words:—"When I was in Egypt, being yet a boy, having been sent thither for education, I sailed up the river to Coptus, and from thence proceeded to visit the famous statue of Memnon, which utters a miraculous sound at sunrise: and there I heard, not only the usual unintelligible noise, but a distinct oracle, delivered in seven verses, which I could now repeat. On my return, I happened to sail in the same vessel with one Pancrates, a priest of Memphis, who was celebrated for his skill in all the learning of the Egyptians, and reported to have lived twenty-three years in a cave, where he was instructed in all the mysteries of Isis. He was a man of a grave aspect, close shaven, tall of stature, with slender legs, thick lips, and a flat nose. He wore linen garments, and spoke Greek correctly. Among many other marvellous feats which he performed, one was, to ride on the back of a crocodile, and to swim among all manner of sea monsters, which he had the art of taming so that they would fawn upon him, and wag their tails like domestic animals. By degrees we became more and more intimate, and he acquainted me at last with almost all his secrets. During the rest of our travels we agreed to accompany each other; and he persuaded me to leave my servants at Memphis, promising that I should never want for attendants. So we journeyed together, and whenever we came to an inn, he would take, sometimes the bolt from the door, sometimes a

wooden pestle, a bar, or a broom, and dressing it up like a doll, transform it, by means of a certain charm, into the figure of a man, who would run up and down, draw water, cook our victuals, or perform any other menial office. This done, he would pronounce another spell, and the broom, pestle, or whatever it might be, resumed its original form. Now this was a secret, which, with all my importunity, I never could persuade him to impart, though in every other respect he was communicative enough. One day, however, I watched an opportunity, and hiding myself in a dark corner, overheard the incantation, which consisted only of three syllables.* Next day, while Pancrates was absent on business at the market-place, I dressed up my pestle, pronounced the charm, and commanded it to fetch water, and when he had brought a basin-full, I desired him to desist; but, far from obeying me, he never ceased drawing water till the whole house was flooded—for I had forgotten the counter spell. Alarmed at this, and not knowing what to do, lest Pancrates should return, and be displeased at my proceedings, I seized a hatchet, and cut the pestle in twain; when, to my horror, both halves, thus separated, assumed the shape of men, each took up a bucket, and instead of one, I had now to contend, single handed, with a couple of desperate water-carriers. 'At

* Quære, whether FIVE? viz:—A-BA-CA-DA-BRA. "For," says the ingenious author of the *Ingoldby Legends*,

"I'm told that most cabalists use that identical Word, writte thus, in what they call a pentacle."

See Lay of St. Dunstan, page 225, which, by-the-byë, is only another version of Lucian's story,

length the magician returned, and seeing how matters stood, restored the pestle to its former state. Shortly after this he withdrew himself privately, and vanished, I know not whither.—Vide Retzū Lucian, 4to., Vol. III., cap. 33, 59. Such are the materials out of which Göthe has constructed his *monologue*; for those who are acquainted with the *Zauberlehrling* will remember, that that singular poem represents, with much dramatic effect, a scene in which the apprentice is the only speaker, 'till quite at the conclusion, when the magician returns, and pronounces the counter spell. It might, perhaps, have been as easy to have followed the same construction in the parody; but, to readers less familiar than the Germans appear to be with such mystical perceptions, it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to convey in soliloquy, and, as it were, by mere innuendo, any intelligible idea of the poet's design. Nor, indeed, is this design very obvious even in the original without the explanation implied in Madame de Staël's well merited commendation:—"L'imitation maladroite des grands secrets de l'art est très bien peinte dans cette petite scène."—L'Alemagne, 12mo., Vol. II., p. 150. For this reason, the story is here reduced to the more explanatory form of a narrative, with scarcely any allusion to Göthe's poem, except here and there, in what may be called the locutory parts, and yet sufficient to entitle it to a corner in this collection. The title affixed to Lucian's dialogue appears to have suggested to Tieck the superscription of one of his excellent novels—*Die Wunderversühtigen*—Marvel-mongers, an admirable satire on the enthusiasts of animal magnetism—a system exploded

in the days of the Mesmels, the Deslons, and De Manai-duc, to be revived by professors of science on both sides of the German ocean, for the edification of the nineteenth century! Göthe has treated his subject as a reality, with all the earnestness and animation which he elsewhere bestows upon diableries of a similar description. Tiëk has happily imitated the playful mockery of the laughter-loving satirist of Samosata—'Ανὴρ σπουδαῖος ἐς τὸ γελάσθηναι. The latter example has been here preferred, as the more intelligible, and better suited to our meridian than to the magnetic atmosphere of Weinsberg.

Page 603.

"Specimen of Translation in Prose."

The passage in the original is also in prose: and this specimen is offered in atonement to those readers who may, not without reason, object to some of the foregoing metrical versions of the same play, notwithstanding the apology which has been made for them. The general tone of the soliloquy, part of which only is translated, breathes, in the original, the very soul of amorous despondence; and may serve still farther to exemplify what has been already advanced, on the authority of an eminent critic, concerning a similarity between Kleist and Shakspeare. Compare this with two soliloquies, one in the third part of Henry VI., Act ii., Scene 6:—

"O God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain," &c.

And another in Richard II., Act v., Scene 10.—

“ I have been studying how to compare
This prison with the world wherein I live,” &c.

Though the situation of the speakers is quite dissimilar, and the metaphors which they use sometimes differently applied, yet many of the sentiments are the same: the same melancholy features, whether of the monarch desecanting upon the loss of his empire, or of the lover lamenting the disappointment of his affections, may be traced, even through the medium of prose translation. One word in regard to the latter. The jingling repetition of *Käthchen Mädchen*, in the original, produces a peculiarly plaintive effect, which, it is obvious, could not be conveyed by the same means in English, seeing that *Kate* and *Maid* do not rhyme together. The substitution, therefore, of another rhyme—*nearest, dearest*, not unfrequently used to express a similar emotion—is here offered in *compensation* for an unavoidable difference. And this is in accordance with one of those “*expedients to avoid the bathos*” which are alluded to in the “Introduction to the Translations,” p. 117, and afterwards ludicrously exemplified in a note upon the passage, pp. 349-50. Now it would not have been difficult to find another rhyme, more strictly “*affecting the letter*,”* but, with all deference to critics of the ultra-conservative school of translation, and with no unamiable feeling towards those whose standard of poetic simplicity stoops to the level of nursery verse, it may not

* The printer's FAMILIAR suggests “pretty Kitty.”

be amiss, as an index to the main scope and design of these Illustrations, whether in poetry or prose, to remind the reader of two canons of Horatian criticism, one of which has been chosen for the motto to this work, the other now suggested as more applicable to the present occasion :—

Effutire leves indigna tragædia versus,
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,
Intererit satiris paulùm pudibunda protervis.

Light-witted rhymes with satire more agree
Than the staid march of sober tragedy :
As solemn matrons, lamentably gay,
At Christmas foot it, when they ought to pray ;
Or prudish maids, a little on the wane,
Frisk at a wedding, sore against the grain.



CORRIGENDA.



CORRIGENDA.

Page 28.

"The nurse under whose garment he is sleeping."

IN the figure of the woman who carries the infant in the baptismal procession, No VI. of the Outlines, Mr. Retzsch means to represent the *godmother*, not the *nurse*. There is an allusion to this custom in Voss's Idyl of "Luise," where the Countess Amälia pays a visit to the betrothed on the wedding day, carrying a bundle under her cloak, which contains *einen Talar voll Würde*, a robe of ceremony, and other articles, as a present to the bridegroom; whereupon she is questioned in these *hexameters*:—

Aber, in aller Welt, was tragen Sie unter dem
schwarzen

Mäntelchen? fast wie den Tauffling die schmucke
Gebätterin vorträgt.

What in the world have you brought beneath your little black mantle ?

Much like a *god-mother*, well figged out with a brat to be christened.

Page 61.

"Some of his bales lie packed in the wharf, guarded by a fierce mastiff."

"What is here mistaken for a wharf," says Professor Schmidt, "is a sort of boot in front of the waggon, universally used by all German carriers. The dog is one of the indispensable accompaniments of his locomotive establishment."

Page 107.

"On the right is the fragment of a pillar," &c. "On the left the effigy of Saturn," &c.

"Reverse these two positions, and the description will be correct."

Page 133.

"Fame the master-work shall crown."

"The German is *Soll das Werk den Meister loben*, which is the subordinate member of a *suppositive*

“ sentence, and, therefore, should properly begin with the
 “ conjunction ~~wenn~~—if. But we are very fond, especially
 “ in poetry, of omitting the suppositive conjunction, in which
 “ case the verb invariably precedes the nominative. This
 “ construction can never be translated into the form of a
 “ *positive* sentence, unless we fill up the place of the nomi-
 “ native before the verb by something equivalent to the inde-
 “ finite pronoun *es*. The above sentence, therefore, ought
 “ to be translated so as to convey the following meaning :
 “ *If the work is to give credit to the master*, we must needs
 “ exert ourselves to the utmost ; so that ‘ *On the brow of*
 “ *toil,* ’ &c.—The translator was well aware of the elliptic
 form of the sentence ; but perplexed rather by the circum-
 stance of the *subordinate* term *following*, instead of *pre-*
ceding, the conclusion of the proposition. In accordance
 with the above critique, he proposes this correction.

On the brow of toil

Must the sweat-drops boil,

Would we fame and fair success,—

Yet, 'tis heaven alone can bless.

Page 137.

“ For ‘ *tough and pliant,* ’ read ‘ *soft and brittle.* ’ ”

Page 146.

“ *His handiwork the craftsman lays.* ”

The words in the original are these, *Vertrauen wir*

Die Hände That. Literally, *we* entrust the work of our hands. Mr. Schmidt objects to this version, and proceeds thus clearly to state the grounds of his disapprobation. "It is by no means every craftsman who entrusts his handiwork to the womb of the earth : other craftsmen, on the contrary, behold the progress and completion of their work. But '*we*, the bell-casters,' says the master-founder, 'go to work, as it were, blindfold, committing our's to the dark bosom of the earth. Now, besides ourselves, the sower also does this ; *we*, therefore, and he, require a firmer faith in providence than any other craftsman. This faith, however, we may easily acquire, if we reflect that all men confide to the earth objects far more precious and important than the works of their own hands—namely, the reliques of their friends—in the full assurance that providence will develope and bring to maturity the seed which they have thus planted.' The terseness of Schiller's style is here most admirable ; the words being so judiciously chosen, that we enter at once into the beautiful idea, however mysteriously complicated. The word craftsman, in the translation, destroys the logic, and disunites the connection of ideas."—It would have been unfair to withhold an objection so powerfully argued : yet the translator pleads in defence, that by *the craftsman* is obviously meant the bell-caster himself ; that *that word, being put into the mouth of the master-founder*, is equivalent to the word *we* in the original ; that the deviation, in fact, consists only in making the speaker use the third person singular instead of the first personal plural, meaning, nevertheless, himself, or any one exercising the *same craft* ; and that,

therefore, the logical connection of ideas has not been destroyed.

Page 171.

The following note by the same friendly reviewer is far too flattering to be inserted on any other plea, than the author's anxiety to protect himself under a very competent, though too partial authority, from the charge of presumption, if he has not already sufficiently apologized for having added two stanzas to Schiller's Fridolin. These are the words of the Professor: "Stanzas XXV. and XXVI. are "inserted with such a masterly taste, that were Schiller "alive, I have no doubt that, with his nobly liberal mind, "he would have thanked the translator for the improvement," &c. Non equidem tali me dignor honore.

Page 260.

"O Count Milan!"

The name of Bertha's husband, the father of Roland, and one of the Paladins of Charlemagne, was *Milo*, according to English orthography. In the "Histoire des faits et gestes de Charlemagne et des douze Paires de France," he is called "Milon Comte d'Angers"—the "Anglante" of Italian romance. He bore, in fact, the same name as his prototype, the famous pugilist of Croton, who knocked

down a bull with his fist, and afterwards devoured him at a meal. The name bears no reference to the town in Lombardy, but appears to be the German inflection of Milo; otherwise one is at loss to account for Uhland having adopted this orthography.

Page 323.

"Thou diest Arion," &c.

By way of counterpoise to the unmerited praise, perhaps too vainly quoted in a preceding note, the translator is bound in common honesty to place the following decidedly to the *debit* side of his account. "The seventh stanza of "Arion does not express the meaning of the original, "which literally runs thus:—

"*"Thou must live no longer, Arion!*

"*"If thou desirest a grave on land,*

"*"Thou must here—i. e. on board the vessel—kill thyself,*

"*"Otherwise, throw thyself into the sea.'*

"The ferocity of the assassins, in compelling their victim
"to commit suicide, so powerfully expressed by Schlegel
"in these words, *So must du selbst den Tod dir*
"*geben*, is entirely lost in the translation." Again,

Pages 327-8.

"The stanzas XVI., XVII., and XVIII., are the trans-

“lator’s own additions, and, although very beautifully expressed, the liberty of introducing them can scarcely be excused, since they are by no means called for, in order—“to use a French term—*motiver* the sequel of the action, as was the case in the addition to *Fridolin*. In fact, the “three stanzas add nothing new to the poem, and therefore “unnecessarily lengthen it.”—The translator, of course, thought otherwise, in both these instances; but, without troubling the reader with his reasons, bows with submission to the rebuke, and can only add, in farther apology to Mr. Schlegel,

Pudet hæc opprobria nobis

Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.

To pursue the regular course of these corrections, which have been somewhat anticipated, we return to—

Page 238.

“*And all that charmed before,*

If aught survives, goes forth to charm no more.”

“These lines do not appear to express the meaning of “the German,

“**Und was sich sonst an meinem Lied erfreut**

“**Wenn es noch lebt, irrt in der Welt zerstreut.**

“Göthe has here, by an almost unwarrantable licence, “used the pronoun **was** in the sense of *whosoever*, instead “of *whatsoever*; and again, in relation to it, the pronoun **es** “in the collective sense of any number of *persons*, instead of

"*things*; a licence never used before, and, as it may be expected, never hereafter to be imitated by any other writer. The meaning however, is this:—And *whosoever* formerly rejoiced in my song, If any of the number survives, *that number* wanders dispersed over the world."—To the translator this singular mode of expression appears to be a Gallicism; and that the *was* and *es* of Göthe correspond with the *tout ce la* and the *tout ce que* of the French; terms which are often colloquially used by them in a collective sense, as applicable to *persons* as well as *things*. Surely such Frenchified expressions better suit the age of Frederick the Great and Voltaire, than the present era of German purism, and the patriotic spirit of the great genius of Weimar. If Göthe takes such liberties with his own language, what allowance may not be made for a foreigner, if he has mistaken the meaning of an author not always intelligible to his own countrymen? The following approaches nearer to the interpretation above quoted—

And all who once delighted in my lay,
If any live, are scattered far away.

Page 366.

"Some German critics contend for the latter [interpretation], in allusion to the general spirit of some passages in the Alcestis of Euripides."

The author perfectly agrees with his able commentator, that, "The second interpretation here referred to, is so far-fetched, and unwarrantably strained—in fact, so entirely

" illogical, that, although some German masters might so interpret the passage, it should scarcely have been allowed " a place here."—No doubt, it might have been dispensed with, and was inserted only as a curious specimen of that sort of commentary which is not unfrequent in the hypothetical school of criticism.

Page 383.

" Note on the Cranes of Ibycus."

It has been asserted, with too little consideration, in this place, that *none of the writings of Ibycus have descended to modern times*. True it is that none are to be found in the copious " *Analecta*" of Brunk; but in Schweighäuser's edition of Athenæus, 4to., Vol. V., Lib. xiii., p. 171, is preserved a poem which is attributed to him, apparently on the authority of Henry Stephens, in whose *Frag. Lyric Poet.* it had been previously admitted; and there seems to be no good reason to dispute the opinion of those learned and laborious compilers, as to its authenticity. The poem here alluded to is beautifully translated by Mr. Merivale, in his " *Anthologia*," and the translation has been subsequently republished in the last edition of his collected poems, Vol. I., p. 168.

Page 399.

" The Soldier's Cloak."

Professor Schmidt has kindly supplied the desideratum

mentioned in this place. *Das Mantellied* was written by Carl Von Holtey, born 1797, at Breslau, the capital of Silesia. He was formerly stage poet to the *Königsstädter Bühne*—a theatre so called from a certain quarter of the city of Berlin, where it is situated, which he has enriched with several patriotic and national plays. In one of these—his *Lenora*—this song was first introduced. After the death of his wife, a most accomplished actress, well known and admired as *Mdlle. Rogée*, he published a volume of minor poems, among which is *Das Mantellied*. Holtey still lives at Berlin, where he is deservedly a favourite of the public.

Page 460.

*"She follows, as if o'er her soul distilled
Some wondrous dew, or wire more subtly forged
Than furnace e'er of five-fold heat drew out
To measureless length, attracted her."*

The German is this: *Folgt sie ihm geführt am Strahl seines Angesichts fünfdrähtig, wie einen Tau, um ihre Seele gelegt.* Literally, She follows him, drawn by a beam of his countenance, laid about her soul like a rope of five yarns, *i. e.* of the greatest strength. The error here is two-fold, and consists, first, in mistaking *Tau*, a rope, for *Chau*, dew; and secondly, in applying the epithet *fünfdrähtig*, *five-threaded*, to a wire forged in a furnace five times heated. The prevalent idea in the original is, the strength, in the translation, the subtlety, of

the attraction. The former reminds one a little of Isaiah, cap. V., v. 18, "Woe unto them who draw iniquity with the cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope;" the latter, of Vulcan's net, and Jupiter's golden chain, in the Iliad, for both were floating indistinctly on the memory of the translator. The metaphor of the wire, instead of the rope, might, perhaps, have been not so much amiss, *but the dew must positively evaporate*. The following alteration is therefore submitted:—

*Drawn by a sunbeam, darted from his eye,
As by a cord of five-fold twine, coiled round
Her captive soul, she follows him.*

Having now confessed most of his errors, atoned for some, and heartily repented of all, the author, in his editorial character, finally craves absolution at the public confessional, for rather a longer list than may be deemed quite venial, of those peccadillos of the press, commonly called *errata*—*maculæ typographicæ*.—

Quas aut incuria fudit

Aut humana parùm cavit natura.



A P P E N D I X.

NO. I.



ABSTRACT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
SCHILLER.

THE habits and occupations of the home in which Schiller passed the first years of his infancy, were little calculated to develop the extraordinary faculties of his mind; but they produced their full effect in generating those high principles of religion and morality, by which he became no less distinguished. His father was a man of no superior acquirements; but active and enterprising in his pursuits, plain and simple in his manners, and of exemplary piety. In the exercise of his profession, as surgeon, and under-officer in the military service of the empire, he marched, in the year 1745, with a Bavarian regiment of Hussars, to the Netherlands: and at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, when part of the corps was disbanded, he returned to his native province, the Duchy of Würtemberg, where he afterwards served as ensign and adjutant in the

regiment of Prince Louis, which formed part of the auxiliary troops attached to the Austrian army during the seven years war. This corps met with considerable loss during its campaign in Bohemia, from an infectious disorder; but the poet's father, by temperance and active exercise, contrived, not only to preserve his own health, but to alleviate, in a great measure, the sufferings of his fellow soldiers. A constant attendant on the sick and dying, he supplied, by his single exertions, the want of aid, both temporal and spiritual, which the army had sustained from the same cause which had thinned its ranks. In 1769 he served with another regiment in Hesse and Thuringia, employing his leisure hours in the acquirement of knowledge, which he had been prevented, by unfavourable circumstances, from cultivating in his earlier years. Mathematics and natural philosophy were the objects of his severer studies, and from these he sought relaxation in the pleasures and employments of rural life. At Ludwigsburgh, where he commanded a detachment in country quarters, at the conclusion of the war, he set up and superintended a parish school, the success of which led to consequences of much future importance to the immediate subject of this memoir. Charles, the reigning Duke of Würtemberg, induced by the zeal and ability thus displayed by the elder Schiller, placed him at the head of a larger establishment of the same kind, which he had lately founded near his ducal residence at Stuttgard, called, The Solitude. In this situation he fully satisfied every expectation, acquired the esteem of his patron, was highly respected by all who knew him, and, having lived long

enough to enjoy the reputation of his distinguished son, died at an advanced age. To this son he makes the following allusion, in part of a prayer, which was found among his papers after his decease: "And thee, O Eternal Being! I besought that thou wouldst vouchsafe to my only son those mental endowments, which, for want of education, I could not attain—and thou hast heard me. Accept, O Gracious Being! this my humble thanksgiving, that thou hast regarded the prayer of thy perishable creature."

Schiller's mother is described as a diligent housewife, an unpretending but intelligent woman, who dearly loved her husband and children, and whose cordiality of disposition was inherited by her son. She had little time for reading; but her favourite authors were Utz and Gellert, whose devotional songs she most admired. Such were the parents of John Christopher Frederick Von Schiller. He was born in the year 1759, at Marbrach, a little town of Würtemberg, on the banks of the Neckar. The peculiar traits of character recorded in his childhood, are, great tenderness of heart, and a strong conscientious feeling of religion. He received the first elements of his education from Moser, a parish priest at Lorch, a village on the borders of the Duchy, where his parents lived for three years. The son of his tutor, likewise an ecclesiastic, was Schiller's first friend, and this, probably, was the cause which created his desire for a long time to be a clergyman. In 1764, the family returned to Ludwigsburg: there, at nine years of age, Schiller first saw a theatre, whose splendour was not unworthy the magnificent court of Duke Charles. This exhibition operated powerfully upon the mind of the imaginative

boy. It opened to him a new world, gave a fresh turn to all his sports, and mingled in every dream and childish speculation. Plots for tragedies, scenes, situations, and dialogues, formed henceforth the leading objects of his attention; yet, in the midst of these, for a long time, he never swerved from his inclination to the clerical profession. Schiller remained till 1773 in the national school at Ludwigsburg; and it is during this period, that one of his school-fellows, still living, remembers his cheerful, though sometimes hasty temper—his boldness, and love of mischief, but, at the same time, his noble disposition, and indefatigable industry. The favourable testimony of his teachers attracted towards him the attention of the Duke, who was at that time zealously employed in founding the college above-mentioned, which he called the Carl's-Schule (Charles' School), after his own name, and designed for the education of the sons of his officers. It has already been mentioned, that Schiller's father superintended this college; it was, in consequence, naturally offered as an asylum for his son. But, as the former considered it chiefly preparatory to a military education, and therefore no fit school for a boy who had already shown a decided preference for very opposite pursuits, he ventured freely to declare his objection. The Duke showed no displeasure at this opposition to his views; yet insisted on the admission of young Schiller to the college, and as it included a class devoted to jurisprudence, he assumed the right of choosing that profession as his future destiny. This was the cause of much perplexity at the time; nor was it without some difficulty that the youth was persuaded to sacrifice his own

inclinations to the circumstances of his family. He consented, however, at last, and in 1773 entered the college of Stuttgard, as a student at law. But in the following year, when each scholar was permitted to describe his own character and qualifications, with a view to his ultimate profession, Schiller stepped boldly forward with a memorial, stating his preference for the study of theology.

But there being no religious class—a great and glaring defect in any scheme of national education, which, unhappily, still prevails in Germany—under these circumstances he was content at last to commute the legal for the medical profession, upon which he entered in the year 1775. Meantime, he had already imbibed that taste for poetry which ultimately became his predominant passion, and fixed his destination for ever. It would be a vain attempt to prove, from any documents now extant, what were the precise tendencies of Schiller's mind at this period, beyond a vague love of poetry. A few of his earliest poems may, with certainty, be traced to about this time; but even in regard to them, so wavering were his pursuits in themselves—so uncongenial with the habits of the place, and for that reason, probably, practised in secret, and at uncertain intervals—that much must be left to conjecture. There was little or no opportunity allowed at any German school, in those days, for the study of native literature. Schiller therefore remained for a considerable time unacquainted with most of the celebrated writers of his own country; but he was, perhaps, for that reason, better versed in the compositions of a few. Klopstock, Utz, Lessing, Göthe, and Von Gers-tenberg were the favourites of his youth. Under the influ-

ence of these great names, a new school of poetry had arisen, whose disciples spurned the despotism of pedantic rules, and boldly aspired beyond the limits of cold mediocrity. A forcible display of the character and passions of men—a deep insight into their hidden motives—a clear development of thoughts, words, and actions—clothed in strong and racy language—were now the only firm ground upon which the poet could build his reputation. Independent of all factitious claims, all extraneous influences, he was expected now to shine forth, distinct and resplendent, in his own light. Like a being of a higher order of existence, he was to be henceforth totally regardless of all ephemeral fame—the approbation, even of his contemporaries, he was to consider as an object indifferent to one who lives only for posterity, and who, disdaining to elevate himself upon the dædalian wings of patronage, soars by the impulse of self-inspiration. Examples of this daring nature could alone captivate such a genius as Schiller. Hence his infatuation for Göthe's *Gotz Von Berlichingen*, and the *Ugolino of Von Gerstenberg*. At a later period he became equally an enthusiast of Shakspeare, with whose works he was first made acquainted while under the tuition of Professor Abel, afterwards the distinguished prelate of Schönthal; to whose instruction Schiller owed many another obligation. With his celebrated contemporary, Schubart, he seems to have held no communication, beyond a visit which he once paid him at the fortress of Hohensperg, urged, as it seems, by the interest which his fate had excited. An attempt at an epic poem, entitled "*Moses*," was one of Schiller's earlier efforts in 1773, and not long after, he wrote his first play,

"Cosmo of Medicis," parts of which were afterwards transferred to his more successful tragedy, "The Robbers." Besides these, and a few poems in the Swabian Magazine, none of his productions have been handed down to us of an earlier date than 1780. At that time he was busied in reading the authors of his own country, as well as those of antiquity, particularly the biographies of Plutarch. He took also great delight in the works of Herder and Garven, and it is worthy of remark, that he improved himself in the knowledge of his mother tongue, by closely studying Luther's translation of the Bible. That he likewise cultivated with great perseverance the science of medicine, may be inferred from his having reluctantly abstained from all poetic composition for two whole years, that he might exclusively devote himself to a profession, at first involuntarily embraced, and ultimately to be abandoned for ever. It was during this time that he wrote his treatise "On the Philosophy of Physiology." This he afterwards translated into Latin; but neither the translation nor the original seem ever to have been printed. In 1780, he composed another treatise, "On the Connection between the Animal and Spiritual Nature of Man," the result of which was, his immediate appointment as regimental physician; and, we are assured by his contemporaries, that he distinguished himself as a practitioner, by spirit and activity at least, if not always equally by his success, in pharmacy. At the expiration of the time to which he had limited his abstinence from poetry, he returned to it with double zest. "The Robbers," together with many miscellaneous poems, published in an Anthology, to which some of his friends

contributed, appeared in 1781. This and the ensuing year may be considered the most momentous in Schiller's life, inasmuch as they fixed his destiny as a poet to its conclusion. At first, however, he could find no publisher for his "Robbers," and printed it at his own expense. The publication was afterwards undertaken by Schwan, an eminent bookseller at Manheim; and he received about the same time, proposals for its introduction to the stage, from Baron Dalberg, who superintended the theatre in that city. The correspondence which ensued between the young author and the experienced manager, ended to their mutual satisfaction. It affords ample evidence of the severity with which the writer criticized his own work, and how easily he was persuaded to adopt every judicious alteration which was suggested; yet the firmness with which he defends himself in some points, equally proves that his compliance in others proceeded from no indolence, obsequiousness, or want of proper pride and self respect. The play of "The Robbers" was first brought out at Manheim, in January, 1782: it was repeated in May; and Schiller was present at both representations. But the journey from Stuttgard had been made without leave of absence; a breach of discipline, which was visited by his being put under arrest for a fortnight, immediately on his return. A chastisement still more intolerable awaited him. There were some passages in his play at which the graver critics had taken umbrage; and no sooner was the author known, than he received a mandate from the Duke, to confine all his future publications to subjects connected with his medical studies. This prohibition was the more keenly felt,

as it not only precluded the prospects which had been opened to his ambition by the flattering reception of his first theatrical essay, but as it likewise put a stop to all his other literary engagements; for Schiller had already associated himself with Professor Abel, to furnish materials for a periodical work, under the title of "The Württemberg Repository," the publication of which had been undertaken by Peterson, of Stuttgard. Among other contributions to this intended collection were, his "Treatise on the Present State of the German Theatre," his "Review of the Robbers," "The Walk under the Lime Trees," his "Romantic Anecdotes," and many others. Notwithstanding these mortifications, it was long before Schiller could make up his mind to emancipate himself from a position which put such restraints upon his genius—by those means which he ultimately adopted, but which he himself did not pretend to justify at a more sober age. Neither must the conduct of the Duke in this proceeding be too hastily reprehended, however we may regret that it tended to depress, for a time, talents which were destined to be the glory of his country. For it must at once be admitted, that this liberal and accomplished prince was far too zealous a patron of literature not to have willingly encouraged, by every legitimate means, one of its most aspirant votaries; nor can we doubt the pride and interest which he would have taken in any mark of distinction judiciously bestowed upon the pupil of an establishment of his own creation. But he justly considered himself in a situation of public responsibility, where it behoved him not only to foster genius, but to correct its eccentricities. There was much in Schiller's early style, as

he himself afterwards confessed, not unjustly repugnant to the taste of a veteran of another school ; and something, it may be added, in his deportment, not altogether conformable with his sense of propriety, and still less with his habits of military subordination. He might also have deemed, and wisely too, that a young student of medicine but ill consulted his own interest by devoting himself almost exclusively to works of imagination. His whole behaviour, indeed, seems to justify this opinion ; for it was not till after he had condescended to many fruitless remonstrances, that more summary means were resorted to ; neither does it at all appear that in the prosecution of them he ever acted upon the impulse of caprice or offended pride ; but, on the contrary, with much forbearance and magnanimity. All that he exacted at first, was, that Schiller, after he had been blamed for some objectionable passages in his play, should thenceforth submit his works to review, before they were published ; but when this was refused or evaded, he then restricted them to subjects bearing upon his professional pursuits. Nobody will deny that, as the head and patron of a scholastic foundation, he had every right to exercise so salutary a control ; or that, when the young poet, impatient under this censorship, absconded from his dominion, he might, as a sovereign prince, had he chosen, have treated him as a state delinquent, rather than as a mere truant from his college. But it was in the latter, and more lenient point of view, that he was pleased to look upon the offence ; and though, for the sake of discipline, he could no longer consistently bestow his countenance upon the fugitive himself, yet he never withdrew it from his

family. To the father he uniformly continued his patronage; and seems, indeed, to have cherished no inconsiderable degree of interest, even for the son. This was manifested many years after, when, in 1793, Schiller solicited and obtained permission to visit his parents, and though not invited to court, was suffered to remain in the capital as long as he pleased. The success of "The Robbers," and especially the striking effect produced by Iffland, in the character of Francis Moor, made a forcible impression on the mind of Schiller. His own flattering reception at Mannheim tended also to create an irresistible love of applause, and thus animated him to future exertions as a dramatic poet. Still, however, unwilling to quit Stuttgart without permission, he endeavoured to procure it, through the intercession of his friend Dalberg; and the earnestness of his letters upon that subject is a test of the sincerity with which he still wished to avoid extremities. But leave of absence, under the circumstances which have been stated, was too much to be expected. His impatience increased upon refusal, and he finally resolved upon flight. This took place in October, 1782, during a festival held at Stuttgart, on the arrival of the hereditary prince Paul, an occurrence which, by diverting the public attention, conducted not a little to facilitate his escape. His first journey was made, under a borrowed name, to Franconia, where he took refuge at the house of Madame Wolzogan, the mother of two school-fellows, with whom he had been intimate at Stuttgart. This lady was the widow of a Privy Counsellor, residing on her estate at Bauerbach, in the neighbourhood of Meinungen; and here, for nearly a twelvemonth, he

devoted himself entirely to his poetical labours; the fruits of which were, a tragedy, called "The Conspiracy of Fiesco," which he had already begun during his arrest, "Love and Intrigue (*Kabale und Liebe*), a comedy, and his first sketch of "Don Carlos." In September, 1783, he took leave of this hospitable asylum, and betook himself once more to Mannheim, where he entered into a closer connexion with the theatre. It was a part of Schiller's character, on entering upon any new project, instantly to engage in some comprehensive plan. With what earnestness he pursued his study of the drama, may be gathered from the treatises already mentioned; from his preface to the first edition of "The Robbers," and from an essay inserted in the first number of "The Thalia," a periodical work, on the question, "What effects may be produced by a well regulated stage?" At Mannheim he became a member of the German Electoral Society, and ardently anticipated the best result for the interests of science, from the co-operation of his fellow labourers. He was sanguine enough even to propose a scheme for establishing a theatrical club, which, however, was never carried into effect; Schiller, nevertheless, did all he could to promote it, by devoting to this sole object, a considerable portion of the "Rhenish Thalia,"—*a work distinct from the former*—which he undertook in 1784. In his advertisement to that journal, with all his characteristic enthusiasm, he thus casts himself, as it were, into the arms of the public. "All my private engagements," he says, "are dissolved for ever. From henceforth the public is all in all to me—the scope of all my aspirations—my sovereign, and my friend. To this

tribunal alone do I appeal; this is the only object of my reverence and fear. There is something which irresistibly impels me to own no other obligation, but the claims of the world at large—to bow to no other throne, than the heart of man. Let posterity take no account of the author, whose only merit is, his works. Mine (and I willingly avow it), are only the *means* by which I pledge myself to the public in a bond of indissoluble friendship."

Among the materials on which Schiller was alternately at work, during his sojourn in Franconia, and at Manheim, were those which appertain to his "History of Conrad of Swabia," and to the third edition of "The Robbers," containing a vindication of the anomalies of that singular play. He had also at this time conceived the idea of translating Shakspeare's Macbeth, and Timon of Athens: but these he postponed for a time, and decided on completing his "Don Carlos," of which a few scenes appeared forthwith in the first number of "The Thalia." The reading of these scenes, at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, first introduced Schiller to the Duke of Saxe Weimar, who happened to be present, and bestowed upon him the honorary title of Counsellor. Such a distinction, conferred by a prince so well versed in literature, and who was known to be satisfied with talents only of the highest order, was matter, not only of present encouragement, but of the greatest future importance to the reputation of Schiller. In March, 1785, he journeyed to Leipsic, and there found several friends highly predisposed in his favour: one of these was Huber, whose death was, unhappily, but too premature. Schiller felt flattered by their friendly reception,

and spent some of the summer months at Golis, a village near Leipsic, in a routine of cheerful society, which inspired his celebrated "Ode to Joy,"—*Das Lied an die Freude*. Schiller's residence at Dresden began with the year 1785, and lasted until July, 1787. During this time he entirely remodelled his tragedy of "Don Carlos," regretting that the earlier scenes had been published, before the whole was finished; for he felt dissatisfied with them, both as to manner and matter, and was conscious, moreover, that his style had, in the mean time, considerably improved. The fragment of a play—"The Misanthrope," and a few minor poems only, belong to this period; for Schiller was then too much occupied with his "Journal," to write much verse, and was, besides, desirous of laying the foundation of future independence upon some more substantial ground. He wavered, however, for some time, between poetry and medicine, but ultimately relapsed into the former. His collections, preliminary to the tragedy of "Don Carlos," had directed his attention to the history of the insurrection of the Netherlands, under Phillip II., and he now began to prepare materials for that work, resolving likewise to compile a history of all the most remarkable revolutions in Europe, but of this a portion only, written by Schiller, ever appeared. It was at this epoch that Cagliostro had excited so much attention in France; and the wonders which were related of him formed the principal incidents of a romance, which Schiller entitled "The Ghost-Seer"—*Geistscher*. There was no truth whatever in the history—the man was an impostor: but our author, though he belonged not to the sect called Mystics, had, nevertheless, a mind to try his strength in

that species of writing. He, however, soon grew tired of the task, and left it unfinished, giving no other answer to the remonstrances of his readers, than that his object had been answered, by merely exciting public curiosity. The year 1787 brought Schiller to Weimar. Göthe was then in Italy; but he found Wieland and Herder anxious to welcome him. To the latter, who was more nearly of his own age, he naturally felt the greater attraction; but the fatherly reception with which Wieland anticipated his advances, could not fail to work upon his sensibility; and it produced, accordingly, this emphatic expression, in a letter to one of his friends:—"When Wieland loves, he is still young." This literary connection gave rise to the part which Schiller took in "The German Mercury;" and the notion of thus infusing more youthful blood into that journal, was especially gratifying to Wieland, whose utmost expectations were surpassed by the splendid contributions of his new colleague. "The Gods of Greece," "The Artists" (*Die Künstler*), "A Sketch of the History of Flanders," the "Letters on Don Carlos," and several other prose essays, were among the best which appeared in "The Mercury," from 1788 to 1789, at the same time enriched by articles from the pen of Göthe, Kant, Herder, and Reinhold. During these active pursuits, he found time, however, to repeat his visit to Madame Wolzogen, the lady who had so hospitably received him on his flight from Stuttgart. On his way to Bauerbach, he passed some time at Rudolstadt—an excursion the more agreeable and interesting, as it brought him acquainted, for the first time, with Mademoiselle Lengefeld, his future bride. A few weeks after

his return from this journey, we find this passage in one of his letters :—" I stand in need of other enjoyments. Once roused from this torpid state of existence, and predisposed to pleasure, by an uninterrupted course of domestic habits, I shall feel the force of friendship, truth, taste, and beauty itself, operating upon my mind with double effect. Hitherto I have been wandering about the world, an isolated being, with nothing that I can properly call my own. I long for a state of citizenship—a household life. For many years I have felt no real happiness ; not so much because I wanted opportunities, but because I might be said to have been nibbling, rather than feeding, upon pleasure ; from the absence of that soft and reciprocal emotion which exists nowhere but in the repose of a family circle." Schiller was so delighted with the environs of Rudolstadt, that he remained there all the summer, sometimes in Volkstadt, a village in the neighbourhood, and sometimes in the town itself ; thus enjoying, from May to November, an almost daily intercourse with the family of his intended wife. It was during this sojourn, also, that he first saw Göthe. His expectations had been raised to the highest pitch, partly from the impression created by his writings, and partly from what he had heard of his personal character at Weimar. They met at a large party, where Göthe appeared in high spirits, and exceedingly communicative, particularly on the subject of his travels in Italy, whence he had just returned. But there was something in his ease and unembarrassed manner, which amounted almost to a disagreeable sensation in Schiller's mind, who, on his part, was all nervousness, and sat opposite to him all the while in a state of

restless and unsatisfied expectation. He writes thus on the occasion:—"The great idea which my mind had conceived of Göthe is not, in fact, lessened by our meeting; but I doubt much whether we shall ever be much more closely connected with each other. Many things which still continue to interest *me*—much that I have yet to hope and fear—have, with *him*, had their day. His whole existence, from the beginning, has been different from mine: his world is not my world. Our manner of conceiving and representing things appears to be essentially opposite. Nothing, however, at present, can be safely predicted as the consequence of this interview. Time will show." And time *did* show, and that, too, in a very few months, that Göthe neglected no opportunity of cultivating the new-made acquaintance, for he knew well how to appreciate Schiller. Professor Eichhorn had just vacated his chair in the University of Jena, when Schiller published his book on the insurrection of the Netherlands, which held out so fair a promise of his talents as a historian, that Göthe and Von Voigt united their efforts to procure the professorship for him. This was, of all appointments, the most acceptable to Schiller; but it came upon him by surprise, for he had considered a preparation of a year or two necessary to the undertaking. From the date of his departure from Dresden, to the spring of 1789, when he opened his lectures at Jena, he had been busied in his historical works, and writes thus to a friend, concerning them:—"You cannot think how charmed I am with my new occupation. Ideas crowd upon me at every step, and my soul appears to dilate with the extent of my subject." In a later correspondence he

expresses himself in the following manner :—" The modern historian must seek to create the same sort of interest in his readers, as the Greeks felt for the Peloponnesian war. The task which he ought to set himself is, so to select and arrange his materials, that they may require no ornament to make them interesting. We moderns possess a consciousness of our superior power, which no Greek or Roman could ever feel, and which greatly exceeds the stimulus of mere nationality. The latter is a sentiment only fit for semi-barbarous countries—for the infancy of the world. To place, in an important point of view, the weightiest concerns and occurrences in the history of our species—of mankind in the gross, is to excite an interest of quite a different nature. It is a miserably insignificant task to write for a single nation, a constraint intolerable to a philosophical mind, which cannot be circumscribed by the mere changeable and accidental boundaries of mankind, or rather of a fragment of mankind—for what more can a single people, even the most powerful, be called? There is nothing of sufficient importance to excite its energies in the contemplation of one individual nation, or national occurrence, except inasmuch as it may affect the progress of the whole species, to a more perfect state of polity and civilization." A view of history so animating and comprehensive, was worthy of Schiller's character as a poet, and still more so as a philosopher. We find, accordingly, that his metrical productions of this period were fewer in number, but of a more than usually elevated strain. A marked improvement, both in conception and execution is discernible, particularly in his " Artists," and " The Gods of Greece"—

Die Götter Griechenlands. Meantime, he was projecting many plans of future poems—that of dramatizing some of the situations in Wieland's "Oberon" was one, but failed of execution; another, the compilation of materials from the life of Frederick the Great, for an epic poem, occupied his mind for a longer time, and dictated the following thoughts, in one of his letters of this period:—"The idea of an epic on some remarkable event in the history of Frederick II., is not to be rashly laid aside, though of too late a date, by some six or eight years: and yet I should not be much alarmed by any difficulties which might arise from a subject so modern, not even on the score of the epic style appearing to be incompatible with contemporary events. An epic poem relating to the eighteenth century must be quite a different thing from one connected with antiquity: and it is this very consideration which inclines me to it. All the refinements of philosophy, our progressive arts and sciences, our manners, and modes of domestic life, must be unreservedly laid down, and exhibited in as lively a manner, for instance, as the different branches of Greek culture and costume are in the *Iliad*: nor should I be disinclined to contrive some suitable machinery; for I would fain satisfy every demand which is usually made upon an epic poet, in regard to the structure of his composition. This machinery, which, in so modern and prosaic an age, appears to present the greatest difficulty, might, nevertheless, be made highly efficient in exalting the interest, if adapted to the taste and spirit of these times. All sorts of confused ideas on this subject are rolling in my head, but they will assume a form clear and distinct enough at last.

You will hardly guess what metre I have selected—none other than the *ottava rima*; to all the rest, except the iambic, I am mortally averse. And how charming would it be to play with so serious and elevated a subject, holding it, as it were, lightly, in a delicate chain; how delightful to relieve, and win upon the rigour of epic composition, by the soft texture of tender rhymes. But all this must be sung, as the Greek peasants sang the rhapsodies of Homer, or the Venetian gondoliers the cantos of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. I have thought of a triumphant epoch in the life of Frederick, but would fain select another, involving rather some unfortunate situation, which might develope his character, in a manner infinitely more poetic. The main plot, must, if possible, be quite simple and unintricate, so that the whole may be always easily kept in view, however abundant the episodes may be, and in them I would comprehend the whole history of his life, and of the century in which he lived. There is no better model for this than the *Iliad*."

Schiller at this time amused himself chiefly with Greek literature, and writes thus from Rudolstadt:—"I now read scarcely anything but Homer. The ancients afford me the greatest delight: of them I stand most in need to correct my taste, which begins sadly to deviate from true simplicity, into witticism, technicality, and affectation."

It was in this frame of mind that he translated the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, and part of the *Phœnissæ* of Euripides. The *Agamemnon* of *Æschylus*, which was his great favourite, came next in turn. His translations from Virgil were of a later date, and occasioned by the preference which he en-

tertained at that time for the lyric stanza over the heroic couplet. Bürger had just arrived, and they entered into this friendly competition together : both were to translate the same passages, and each to choose his own metre.

We may collect, out of the following extract from his epistles, in what honour Schiller held the art of criticism, and how severely he handled his own works. "My next piece," he says, "which can scarcely be allowed to appear for two years, must decide my dramatic fate. There, however, I have the greatest confidence in myself, and am well aware of the grounds upon which it rests. Hitherto I have been exceedingly embarrassed by subjects casually chosen, which turned out to be too bold and copious for composition. Let me only deal with a simpler plan : give me time to brood upon it, and all will be well." Wieland, it seems, had accused him of carelessness, to which he replied—"I am but too well aware that he is right—but I am sensible where the fault lies ; and this leads me to believe that I can correct it. My thoughts do not always flow at once in sufficient abundance, however copious they may be, by the time the work is finished ; and my ideas are far from clear before I begin to write. I want perspicuity. For this quality three requisites are necessary—a heart and head abundantly stored, a slight, but not obscure dawning of ideas, and a temper perfectly undisturbed at the outset. But even supposing I can bring myself to this point, still it is too often attended with a certain negligence which mars all."

This endeavour, however, to arrive at every requisite to perfection never degenerated into abortive efforts. On the

right of every poet to assume his own object, and make choice of his own materials, he writes thus:—"I am of opinion that every work of art is amenable only to its own plan; that is, to what the artist proposes to himself as his own idea of beauty, and should be subjected to no other criterion; though I am equally aware that he must likewise—not *immediately* indeed—yet, by means fixed by himself upon legitimate principles—satisfy all other requisitions, since beauty, as well as every other excellence, is reducible to the principles of truth. The poet who assumes beauty as his chief object, provided he religiously adheres to it, will at last, without being conscious of it himself, arrive at every other excellence, however he may appear to have overlooked it. On the other hand, he who fluctuates between beauty and morality, or whatever other object he proposes to himself, pays but an uncertain homage to each—is likely to lose sight of all." Another letter contains this declaration:—"You gentlemen, who call yourselves critics, and what not, take alarm, and express your disgust, at every momentary flight of fancy, which you are pleased to call insanity, but which is, nevertheless, to be found in all writers of any originality; and it is only the longer or shorter duration of these flights, which distinguishes the deep thinker from the mere dreamer. Hence arises your constant complaint of the unfruitfulness of your labours. It is because you are too hasty in your objections, and in your distinctions too fastidious and severe."

The happy tone which pervades Schiller's correspondence at this period, was elevated to a still higher pitch during the two first years of his residence in Jena. Many favour-

able circumstances there concurred to relieve him from all anxiety concerning his present or future maintenance. There too, he enjoyed all those domestic pleasures which he had so long sighed for, in the possession of a beloved wife. His professorship commenced under the most flattering auspices. A class of above four hundred pupils crowded his lecture room; while the publication of some Memoirs, accompanied with introductory treatises, together with the profits accruing from his journal—"The Thalia," secured to him a sufficient income: there was leisure, moreover, for the continuance of his Remarks in the "Universal Literary Journal," to which he had contributed ever since 1787. His ulterior engagements consisted of the celebrated "History of the Thirty Years War," which he wrote for an historical almanack, and the "German Plutarch," which appeared some years after. The Duke of Saxe Weimar also, as far as circumstances would allow, by his ready countenance on all occasions, conduced to the increase of his revenue; and the late Prince-Bishop of Erfuth, and the Grand Duke of Frankfurt, then Governor of Mayence, co-operated with his highness in opening to Schiller the fairest prospects of success: to the latter he was obliged, in after years, for a written testimony of the warmest esteem. In regard to the happiness of his home, there appears to have been no want or wish which was left ungratified. On this subject, shortly after his marriage in 1790, he expresses himself thus:—"The life I now lead, by the side of a beloved wife, how different is it from wandering about all the summer from place to place, as I used to do, so solitary and forlorn. Now, for the first

time since my childhood, I live in the real enjoyment of nature. Once more all around me is clothed in poetic forms, which begin to retrace their earliest impressions upon my breast. What a life of enchantment is mine ! I look with a joyful spirit about me, and while my heart finds a soft and incessant delight in exterior objects, my mind is nourished and refreshed from within. My whole being is converted into a state of harmonious equanimity ; my days, no longer subject to the painful excitement of passion, flow on in serenity and peace. To my future fate I look forward with tranquility : and now that I have touched the goal, every thing appears even to surpass my former expectations. Fate has triumphed over all difficulties, and brought me to the haven where I would be. A few years, and I shall live in the full possession and free exercise of my mind. Yes, I have even hopes of recovering my youth, for I feel that it will be restored to me, by the intimate perception of a poetic existence." But alas ! the heavy blow which awaited him soon dissipated all these dreams of felicity. In the spring of 1791 Schiller was seized with a violent inflammation on the chest, which impaired his constitution for the remainder of his life. Frequent relapses rendered it necessary for him to use the greatest caution. He was advised above all to discontinue his public lectures ; and every other strenuous exertion was equally prohibited. It became at last advisable to place him, at least for some years, in a situation of perfect inactivity, and freedom from all care. There was no want of will or power to effect this among his friends in Germany ; but before the necessary arrangements could be made, he

received unexpected assistance from Denmark. The hereditary prince, since reigning Duke of Holstein-Augustenburg, through the medium of Count Schimmelman, made him the unconditional offer of a salary of a thousand dollars per annum, until the restoration of his health. This was done without the least solicitation, and with such refinement of delicacy, that Schiller ever after declared himself less deeply touched by the donation itself, than by the manner in which it was conferred. It is remarkable, that it was from Denmark likewise, that Klopstock received the independence which enabled him to bring his "Messiad" to a conclusion. In that, as well as in Schiller's case, the world has reason to be thankful for an act of noble munificence, recompensed by such glorious results. Perfect recovery was not to be expected; but the vigour of the poet's mind, thus alleviated from the pressure of outward circumstances, triumphed over bodily weakness. Of minor sufferings he made light, when deeply absorbed in study, or animated by the progress of some interesting work. For years together, he suffered no paroxysm of his complaint, but looked forward, with perfect composure, to better days; and from this happy disposition of mind, his country and the world at large, have reaped the best and maturest fruits of his immortal labours.

From the first years of his settlement at Jena, he lived upon the best terms with the literary men of that university: was intimate with Paulus, Schütz, and Hafeland; but Reinhold was his confidential friend. Through the latter, he became acquainted with the philosophy of Kant, and could not fail generally to be amused by it; but what he

principally studied was, "The Critique upon the Faculty of Judgment—*Die Kritik der Urtheilskraft*. This led him also to philosophize, and gave rise to several metaphysical essays in "The *Thalia*," and some letters upon education, which were published later. In the course of these theoretical pursuits, he writes thus:—"I have been for some time studying Aristotle's *Poetics*, and far from being discouraged or straightened, I feel my mind invigorated and relieved by the perusal. To judge by the constrained manner in which the French seek to pursue, and even to go beyond his maxims, one would expect to find in Aristotle a cold, stiff, and illiberal law-giver; whereas he is just the contrary. It is true he urges with firmness and discrimination, what relates to the *matter*, but as to the extraneous mode of handling a subject, he allows every possible licence. All he requires of a poet is, what every poet who knows what he is about ought to require of himself. This proceeds from the very nature of things. 'The *Poetics*' relate exclusively to tragedy, a species of composition on which Aristotle bestows his chief favour and attention. It is easy to see that he writes from abundant experience, and a deep insight into his subject; and that he had a multitude of dramatic situations constantly in his mind. Neither is there anything speculative—not a single vestige of empiricism in the whole book: it is altogether practical; but the number of instances, and the happy choice of examples which he adduces, give to his practical maxims all the appearance of an empiric system, and all the quality of arbitrary laws." From 1790 to 1794, there occur no original poems, only his translations from Virgil; but all

this time he was laying plans for future works, particularly his "Ode to Light," and his "Theodicea," for he mentions both these in one of his letters, as chiefly occupying his attention, on account of their connection with the new philosophy, which he considers of a higher character, and better adapted to poetry, than that of Leibnitz. His "History of the Thirty Years War," furnished him with still more abundant materials for his muse. He had thoughts, indeed, at one time, of choosing Gustavus Adolphus for the hero of an epic poem, and writes thus concerning it:—"Above all historical characters, which, in the highest degree, combine a national and political interest—Gustavus Adolphus stands pre-eminent. The Reformation forms an indispensable episode in the history of mankind; and with this the thirty years war is inseparably connected. In an heroic poem, comprising the interval between the siege of Leipsic, and the battle of Lützen, a poet who knows how to arrange his topics, might introduce the whole history of the world, as an episode, with far greater interest, than if he were to treat the latter as his principal subject." The same studies, afterwards naturally suggested the tragedy of Wallenstein—for, in 1792, we find the following passage in his correspondence:—"It is in the *practice* of the art, especially, that I feel my powers. In the *theory*, I am a mere novice, constantly tormenting myself with the elements, and yet, for the sake of the execution, I am willing enough to philosophize upon the theory. The art of criticism must now compensate for the injury (and, great in fact is the injury), which it has inflicted upon me—for it is now many years since I began to feel the loss of that

boldness, that lively glow, which used to animate my efforts, while I was yet unacquainted with a single rule. Now, on the contrary, I seem to be the overseer of myself, while mechanically at work, creating and contriving: I superintend, as it were, the play of my own faculties; and my imagination works with less freedom ever since it became conscious that its operations are conducted under the eye of a witness. As soon as I arrive at the habit of feeling the rules of art, in the same manner as well-bred people do those of education, then, and not till *then*, will fancy resume, as familiarly as nature itself, her freedom of action, and impose upon herself none but a spontaneous restraint." Seven more years, however, were to elapse before Wallenstein was finished; and there was even a time, when Schiller had nearly relinquished it altogether. The following is a passage extracted from his correspondence in 1794:—"I am really quite anxious and apprehensive about this work; for I am every day more and more convinced that it will prove me to be nothing more than a mere poet—no philosopher. The moment I begin to philosophize, the spirit of poetry takes me by surprise, putting philosophy to flight. What, then, is to be done? I have undertaken this task at the hazard of sacrificing seven or eight months of my life (a space of time which there is but too good reason to take into serious consideration), with the danger of failing after all. My former dramatic publications are not much calculated to encourage me, because the path I am now treading is, in the strictest sense of the word, one which is perfectly unknown, or, at least, hitherto unexplored by me; for, since the last three or four years, in

regard to poetry, I have quite put off the old, and put on the new man." Not long before this avowal, Schiller had been revising his poems, and we may easily gather from his views at that time, with what severity he dealt with his earlier productions; nor is it difficult to imagine that his bodily sufferings, particularly at that period, had produced a morbid disposition to undervalue himself. Many passages might be extracted from his correspondence of about this date, to prove that he was little less than dead to all activity or enjoyment of life. In 1792, when the fate of Louis XVI. was about to be decided by the outbreak of the French revolution, he writes thus to Körner, at Dresden:—"Can you tell me of anybody who could translate into good French what I might possibly wish to publish? It is almost impossible for me to withstand the temptation I feel to mix in this great quarrel, by writing a memorial in behalf of the king. It appears to me an undertaking sufficiently important, and well worthy the pen of a reasonable man; nor is it unlikely that a German writer in particular, who can explain his sentiments with sufficient freedom and eloquence, might make a considerable impression upon this unsettled point. When an unprejudiced individual, out of a whole nation, takes upon himself openly to pronounce judgment, men are at once inclined to give ear to him, as the spokesman of his own class at least, if not of all his countrymen; and it strikes me, that the French, especially in this matter, are not altogether insensible to the opinion of foreigners: besides, this affair is precisely calculated to afford occasion for just such a defence as can be liable to no misconstruction. And it is just such a

writer as this, who may be allowed the opportunity of declaring many other important truths, with greater credit than one less independent, or more personally interested in the fate of Louis. You may, perhaps, advise me to be silent; but on such occasions, methinks, it is not allowable to remain indifferent, or inactive. Had every free spirited man been silent at all times, no single step towards improvement would ever have been made. There are times when it becomes a duty to speak out, especially while men's minds are susceptible of impression, and such to me appears to be the present crisis."

In May, 1794, he travelled to Swabia, and lived, till the August following, partly at Heilbronn, and partly at Ludwigsburgh, with his family and earlier friends. From Heilbronn Schiller wrote to the Duke of Würtemberg, whom, as it will be remembered, he had justly offended long ago, by his flight from Stuttgart. He received no answer indeed, but was given indirectly to understand that his highness had openly declared, no objection would be made to Schiller's return to his capital, about which the Duke himself might be supposed to know nothing. This decided Schiller to continue his journey, the object of which he not only fulfilled with perfect security, but enjoyed the opportunity of communicating, by means of his family, the warmest gratitude and veneration to his old patron, who died shortly afterwards. Schiller returned to Jena, full of a project which had long been thought of, and was now ripe for execution—a journal which was to unite the talents of all the most celebrated authors in Germany, and surpass everything of the kind that had ever been done

before. An editor was accordingly engaged, and "The Hours"—*Die Stunden*—date their publication from this period. "The Thalia" came to a close in 1793. The new periodical commenced under the happiest auspices; the most promising answers having been received from all who had been invited to join in the undertaking. Jena possessed at that time a new attraction for Schiller, in the society of William Von Humboldt, elder brother of the famous traveller, with whom he lived on the most friendly terms; and from the same epoch may be dated the commencement of a closer intercourse with Göthe, which henceforward grew to greater intimacy, and heightened the enjoyment of both their lives. Of this occurrence we find the following notice in one of his letters of about this date:—"On my return from a little journey, I found a most cordial letter from Göthe, forerunning all my advances towards his confidence. For six weeks before, we had been holding correspondence upon various literary subjects, and had communicated to one another the leading ideas by which we had severally arrived at very opposite conclusions;—at last, however, there arose an unexpected coincidence, the more interesting as it proceeded from views at first perfectly different. In our discussion of certain historical events, we had both been obliged to concede something, and from that moment some of my scattered suggestions took root in Göthe's mind; and he now feels the advantage of uniting with me to continue in a course, which hitherto he had been pursuing alone, without assistance or encouragement. For my part, I rejoice in an interchange of ideas so advantageous to myself, and shall set out next

week for Weimar, there to remain a fortnight with Göthe. He has taken such pains to convince me of the perfect freedom and accommodation I shall enjoy at his house, that I could not refuse. I am quite assured that our coming thus into closer contact, will be attended with decided advantages to us both, and I am heartily glad of it. We have resolved upon a correspondence upon miscellaneous subjects, which will prove a source of innumerable essays for the journal; and, since we agree in fundamentals, differing only in our peculiar way of discussing them, our correspondence cannot fail of exciting interest." With the year 1795 commences a new and very productive era in the literary life of Schiller. Though chiefly occupied by his journal, he nevertheless found time to produce many poems, some of which were published in "The Horen," others in the *Musen-Almanach*, both edited by Schiller. "The Elegy," "The Realm of Shades"—*Das Reich der Schatten*, "The Walk"—*Spatziergang*, and "The Ideals"—*Die Ideale*, were the product of this year. The first of these poems Schiller considered to be one of his most successful works. Of "The Ideale" he speaks thus:—"This poem is what Herder would call an echo of nature, and is to be considered as the unpremeditated voice of lamentation, devoid of art, and comparatively free from the rules of composition. It is too *real* to be judged of as a work of mere poetic imagination." It is unnecessary to follow the poet through every analysis of his own poems: let it suffice to remark, that his custom was to review them all, at considerable length, and in a style of criticism equally ingenious and impartial. But it was in

the composition of tragedy that Schiller was most at home. For a long time he meditated upon a subject taken from the history of the siege of Malta by the Turks. The plan of such a drama, entitled "The Knights of Malta," was found among his unfinished essays, and seems to have been put off from time to time, and at last abandoned altogether. It was not till May, 1796, that he seems ultimately to have decided upon Wallenstein; of which, at that date, he writes thus:—"I now find myself in a fair way, which I have only steadily to pursue, to produce something good at last: this is saying a great deal, and much more than I could ever boast in any former undertaking of this kind. Hitherto I have attached the greatest importance to the delineation of individual character: now, on the contrary, I mean to make everything depend upon general effect; taking as much pains to disguise and keep individual character in the background, as I have elsewhere done to bring it prominently into view. Were I indeed inclined to do otherwise, the nature of my subject would not allow it; for Wallenstein is a character which can only interest in a general way—not as an individual. There is nothing noble in him; in no one action of his life does he appear great: I hope, nevertheless, to represent him as *dramatically* great, that is to say, as the representative of one of the grand principles of human action. Whereas, in the characters of Posa and Carlos I have attempted to compensate for the defect of historical truth by ideal beauty,—so here, in the person of Wallenstein, I shall endeavour, on the contrary, to atone for the want of ideal beauty, by plain historical truth." Eight months later, he continues

thus :—" This unhappy work lies still unfinished, and without form before me. None of my preceding works have ever presented so wide a scope, or so ample a structure, as this Wallenstein ; but I now know too well what my design is, and must be, to make light of my task. I am divested of almost all the means by which I could work out this subject, after my accustomed manner. There is little to be expected from the subject-matter ; everything must be elaborated by extraneous means, *i. e.* by its form and composition. From this description you will begin to fear that I have lost all relish for this business, or that, adhering to it against my inclination, I am in danger of losing my time and labour. But, be not afraid : my pleasure in the task is not at all diminished by its difficulty, nor do I despair of the most prosperous issue. Just such a subject was necessary for my entrance into a new dramatic career. Here, where I am treading on the edge of a razor, where one false step to the right or left, would occasion an irretrievable fall—where I can only arrive at my aim by intrinsic truth, necessity, firmness, and determination—here, I say, is a crisis which must decide my character as a poet ; for I am dealing with this subject in a manner quite different from that in which I have handled any other. It is a subject so entirely independent of my natural powers, that I can scarcely bring myself to feel any inclination for it, or to look upon it otherwise than with coldness and indifference. Yet, am I not the less animated to proceed with energy. Excepting two characters, to which I am partial, all, including the hero of the piece, will be treated, not as objects for which I have any liking, but merely as vehicles

of the love which I bear the art itself; and I promise you they will not fare the worse on that account." Two years and nearly four months elapsed between the date of this letter and that when Schiller brought Wallenstein to a conclusion. Meantime, a few minor poems occasionally made their appearance in the two journals; and a number of satirical epigrams upon the arts and artists of the day, were jointly contributed by Göthe and Schiller, and entitled *Xenien*.^{*} It was first intended to publish these in a separate collection; but, owing to the indifference of the public, and of the contributors themselves, of whom there were many besides the original writers, they never amounted to a sufficient number, and so, much to the disappointment of Schiller, who had been far more sanguine than his col-

^{*} This title seems to have been adopted, after the example of Martial, the 13th book of whose Epigrams is inscribed "*Xenia*." The commentators quoting Vitruvius, Lib. vi., cap. 10, and Pliny, Epist. v. 14, derive the word from *ξένος*, hospes: hence, *ξένια*, presents given to guests. But, as these presents became less exclusively appropriated to guests, the word acquired a secondary and more general meaning, such as fees to physicians and lawyers, vails to servants, fairings, and tokens of little value. Thus, a poet who could not afford a richer keepsake, would send couplets to his friends, "*Xeniorum loco*." To this custom Horace alludes, Carm. viii., Lib. iv., *Donarem pateras, &c.* *Xenien*, therefore, with the German plural termination, seems to be naturalized into the language, and conveys the idea of poetical trifles—fugitive pieces, as they were once called; such as may be contributed at little cost, to the Album and the Annual, by the poorest poet, being the smallest possible change, out of the current coin of Parnassus.

league, the project fell to the ground. "The Horen," as a periodical publication, shared the same fate in 1796, but the contributions of our poet to both are preserved in the edition before mentioned of his collected works, in one volume, 8vo., Haag, 1830.

In 1797, Schiller and Göthe entered into a friendly competition, the fruits of which were some of the earlier ballads of our author, a species of composition in which he much delighted, and afterwards brought to the highest perfection. From 1799 to the end of his life, Schiller devoted himself chiefly to dramatic writing, and gave up his remaining journal, "The Musen-Almanach;" but occasionally contributed to Göthe's "Propyläen." On the whole, his union with a spirit so congenial to his own operated on Schiller with the happiest effect. It realized the hope he had formerly expressed of enjoying a second youth; it inspired him with still greater enthusiasm for all that is excellent—a livelier hatred of false taste, and of everything that tends to limit the range of art, science, and philosophy. By means of such encouragement of his literary efforts, the genius of this great poet acquired a vigour, of which, till then, he was himself unconscious—triumphing, not only over his own diffidence, but the more serious obstacle of a dispiriting and incurable disease. During this epoch Schiller usually passed the winter at Weimar, for the convenience of superintending the theatre there, and the summer at Jena, where he had bought a little garden, in which he took great pleasure. At a later period, he fixed his residence at Weimar, which brought him into closer connection with his munificent patron—the reigning Duke, who thenceforth

lost no opportunity of conferring upon him every mark of distinction. It was to this generous and enlightened prince, that Schiller owed his appointment to a professorship at Tübingen, with the understanding that his salary should be doubled in case of his being prevented, by sickness, from increasing his emoluments by the profits of his pen. He accordingly received an addition to his stipend in 1799, and another in 1804, in compensation for an offer which he declined, from Berlin ; and it was the same Duke of Saxe Weimar, who, prior to these marks of his munificence, had, of his own accord, in the year 1802, procured for Schiller (thereafter *Von* Schiller) a patent of nobility. Besides the advantage of Göthe's society, there were others which accrued to him from his residence at Weimar ; and, not the least of these, was a club, of which he and Göthe were members, and for which they both wrote convivial songs. "The Four Ages of the World," and his "Song to his Friends," were of that number. He found, likewise, great amusement in the theatre, and took delight in instructing the players. Madame de Stäel, in the second part of her work on Germany, in giving an account of the literary characters of that country, relates an interesting anecdote of Schiller, which probably took place about this time, and which may serve partly to illustrate his moral character. "The first time," says she, "that I saw Schiller was in the saloon of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar, surrounded by a circle equally distinguished for rank and talent. He read French perfectly well, but could never speak it fluently. In the course of conversation, I maintained the superiority of the French drama

over every other. He did not decline entering the lists with me; and, without troubling his head about the difficulty with which he expressed himself, and as little daunted by his auditors, who were of an opinion contrary to his, he was, nevertheless, enabled to speak, by the mere force of his own conviction. To refute him, I first put in practice those colloquial weapons of liveliness and repartee, with which we French women are said to be naturally armed. But I soon discovered in all that Schiller said, such an abundance of ideas, in the midst of the obstacles presented by imperfect speech—I was so struck by that noble simplicity of character, which could induce a man of genius thus to engage in a contest, where he wanted words to do justice to his thoughts—I found him so modest, and so indifferent to all that merely concerned his own success as a disputant—yet so proud and spirited in defence of what he believed to be the truth, that from that very moment I conceived for him the highest friendship and admiration.” After Schiller had finally mastered all the difficulties attending the completion of *Wallenstein*, the rest of his dramatic works followed in quick succession. This activity, however, met with long and frequent interruptions, particularly in 1799, from the recurrence of his malady, and the cares brought upon him by the declining health of his wife. *Wallenstein* first appeared at the date last mentioned, and it cannot fail to interest the English reader, when he is reminded of Coleridge’s admirable translation shortly after, and of the satisfaction which it afforded to Schiller, as a proof of his popularity in a country whose literature he so much admired. This

translation, though loose and paraphrastic in parts, on the whole so completely conveyed the spirit of the original, that the author himself gave a striking proof of his sense of its superiority, by re-translating, in a subsequent edition, many of the passages which had been improved and amplified in the English version.

In 1800, Schiller brought out his "Mary Stuart;" in the following year, his "Maid of Orleans;" in 1803 and 1804, "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell:" the latter is also the date of his poem, entitled, "The Homage of the Arts"—*Die Huldigung der Künste*, which was written in celebration of the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Saxe Weimar with a Russian princess. In the intervals between the completion of these several works, Schiller found leisure to adapt Gotz's *Turandot*, and the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare, which latter yields in spirit to none of Schlegel's more recent translations. Schiller's purpose, however, unlike that of his distinguished follower, was rather an adaptation to the German stage, than an accurate version of the English play. It was somewhat later, that he adapted the *Phædra* of Racine in the same manner. He likewise arranged plans for several comedies, but they were never completed—the fragments being found among his reliques, with a memorandum avowing his incapability for compositions of that kind. "I believe myself," he says, "rather qualified for that species of comedy which is made up of striking incidents, than of character and humour; but my nature is of too serious a cast to be long engaged on any subject that has not depth in it." It may here be observed, that Dryden, in more than one of

his prefaces, has imputed his disinclination to write on trivial subjects to the same cause. In one of them—that prefixed to “The Mock Astrologer”—he says, “That I admire not any comedy equal with tragedy, is, perhaps, from the sullenness of my humour; but, that I detest those farces, which are now the most frequent entertainments of the stage, I am sure I have reason on my side.” Were it not here altogether out of place, it would be no difficult or unpleasing task, to point out many traits of resemblance between these two great poets. They equally remind us of the comparison of Gray,—

“Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long resounding pace.”

After his translation of Phædra, our poet went to work upon another dramatic poem, of which, “The False Demetrius,” the Russian pretender, was the subject; and, in the midst of this undertaking, while yet in the full vigour of his mind, he was seized with a violent attack of the complaint, which terminated his existence on the 9th of May, 1805. His last moments were alleviated by the attentions of an affectionate wife and family; and the following touching incident is added by Madame de Stäel, in which the name of Madame Wolzogen once more, and for the last time, connects itself with the fate of her lamented friend. That lady, who, it will be remembered, had long before, at his utmost need, afforded him the refuge of her house, now approached his death-bed, and, to her anxious inquiry, a few hours before his decease, how he felt himself, received this reply—“Still more and more tranquil.”

Such were almost the last words of this great and good man, to whose memory it would be an injustice not to refer the reader to the summary of his character, contained in Madame de Stäel's *Germany*, 12mo, Vol. II., pp. 64—69. It concludes with this emphatic sentence:—"En effet, n'avait il pas raison de se confier à la Divinité, dont il avait secondé le regne sur la terre? n'approchait il pas du séjour des justes? n'est il pas dans ce moment auprès de ses pareils, et n'a-t-il pas déjà retrouvè les amis qui nous attendent?" Schiller left a widow, two sons, and two daughters: the youngest of his three sisters died before him; the eldest married Rheinwald, the counsellor of state, and is still living at Meinungen: the second is the wife of Frankh, clerical minister at Meckmühl, in the kingdom of Würtemberg. The colossal bust at Stuttgart, executed by Dannecker, is said to be a most correct and animated likeness of the poet. It was copied by that admirable artist from another of the size of life, for which Schiller sat to him during his last residence in Swabia. It was completed after his death, and at the moment when that event caused the greatest emotion. Dannecker was intimate with Schiller, and in this noble monument has exhausted his skill, and left a proof of kindred genius and affectionate sensibility. The biographer, from whom this abstract is chiefly compiled—Körner, Counsellor of the Court of Appeals—~~Appellations-Rath~~, at Dresden, closes his account with some lines by Göthe, in testimony to the merits of his friend, of which the following is a translation:—

Redder and redder still, his manly cheek

Youth and high courage flushed with quenchless fire—
Courage, that soon or late, o'er all the weak

Impediments of this dull world, acquire
Eternal triumph: now with patience meek

Enduring, now aspiring higher and higher
In its bold flight; thereby to cheer and raise

All that is great and good to brighter days.
And many a spirit that once too rashly strove

With his, or dared his merit to depress,
In his bright orbit *now* spontaneous move,

Linked in the chain of strong attractiveness,
Where he soars highest in the realms above,

With all we value, venerate, and bless.
Be his then—his—though grudged in life—the meed
By late posterity to worth decreed.

APPENDIX.

NO. II.



MESSRS. EBENAU'S INSTITUTION

AT

Wiesbaden, Duchy of Nassau,

FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN.

THIS Institution combines Classical and Mathematical Tuition, with the study of modern Languages and Literature, and those general Sciences, a knowledge of which is now essential. The number of scholars never exceeds fifteen, for whose instruction there are four masters, who, living in the same house with the pupils, are enabled to exercise a salutary control over them at all times.

The French and German languages are in daily use, and every pupil receives from five to seven lessons daily. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, they have vacations of a few weeks, during which short or longer excursions take place. Comfortable bed-rooms, convenient studies, good and simple fare, and after the day's work, proper recreation, under the eye of one or more of the masters, tend,

together with social amusements in Mr. Ebenau's family, to keep the pupils in spirits and good health, whilst the lessons and studies are calculated with a view, less to exercise the memory merely, than to develop the intellectual faculties, and to lead to a love of pure morals, founded upon religious principles.

The several branches of instruction are the following, viz. :—

Classics, German, French, English, Mathematics, Geography, Universal History, Natural Philosophy, Religion, Writing, and Drawing. Music, Fencing, and Dancing, to be paid separately.

TERMS :

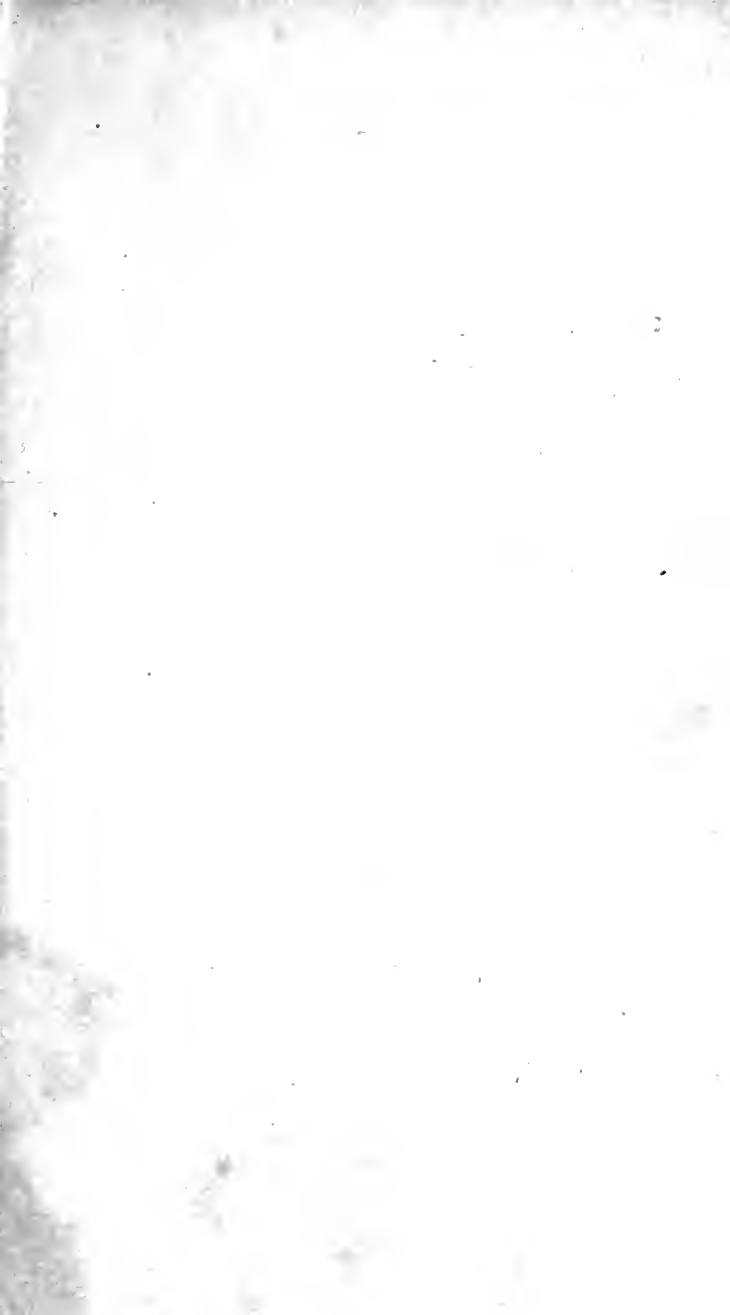
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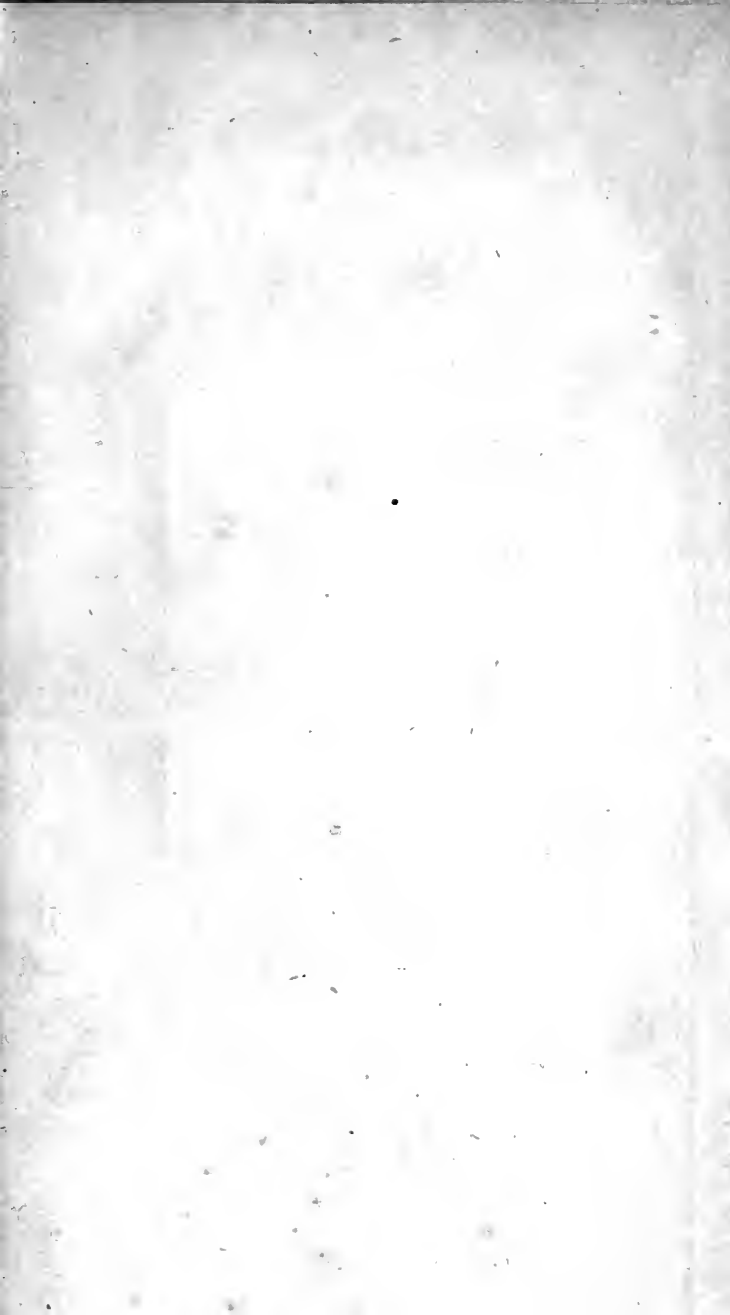
ERRATA IN VOL. II.

- Page 532. line 1. for "Plassis," read "Plessis."
537. line 9. for "Pothieu," read "Ponthieu."
539. line 12. for "~~sah~~," read "~~sah~~."
540. line 8. from bottom, for "Hambrough," read
"Homburg."
549. line 8. for "~~Kindes~~," read "Kindes."
579. line 5. for "tame a," read "tame as a."
602. line 2. for "raue," read "rauhe," and place a
(:) after "hand."
626. line 9. from bottom, for "~~eiden~~," read "einen."
653. line 10. from bottom, for "his highness," read
"his Highness."
652. line 15. for "fluctuates," read "fluctuating."











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